

# THE MAKE-BELIEVE NATIONS

March 16, 1961 25c

A Review of the "New" New Testament

## THE REPORTER



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*José Ferrer talks shop with young drama students on the fortress wall in San Juan. Photograph by Michel Alexis.*

## Puerto Rico surprises a famous Puerto Rican

**Y**OU MAY recognize the man above. His name is José Ferrer. He is visiting his old home town—San Juan.

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Students from the United States, Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America now go to Puerto Rico to study. Isn't that significant?

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## WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SINCE THE END of the Second World War some forty new "nations" have been born. It sometimes seems that it is just about as easy to qualify for nationhood as for a New York State driver's license. Certainly many of the new leaders have shown far less responsibility in handling the affairs of their peoples than the average American is required to show in handling his automobile. The resulting turmoil has brought the two great power blocs of the world into conflict in a series of more or less inane situations. In this issue we examine two places on the map—East Germany and the Congo—far apart in both geographical and cultural terms, but similar in having few of the attributes traditionally associated with the word "nation." **George Bailey**, our Middle European correspondent, points out that the Communists have found no way to prevent their myth about the German Democratic Republic from leaking out through Berlin. In fact, our own "German problem" may consist in trying to provide a solution that will enable the Russians to save face. . . . In the Congo, *everyone* is in trouble. **Russell Warren Howe**, a correspondent in Africa for several British and American newspapers, discusses some possible ways out of the morass of tribal "armies" and pitifully inept "leaders" which has turned that region's masquerade of nationhood into a disaster for the world. . . . **Helen Drew**, whose African sketches illustrate the Howe article, first visited Africa with the American Red Cross during the Second World War.

IT IS STILL too early to make any evaluation of the achievements of the Kennedy administration, but as **Douglass Cater**, our Washington editor, shows, the atmosphere of the White House has already changed markedly. . . . One of the most intriguing endeavors of recent weeks has been that of James R. Hoffa to recruit airline stewardesses, famed for their beauty and tact, into his Teamsters Union, equally famed for dissimilar attributes. But the most troublesome manifestation of changing patterns of air-crew unionism was last month's wildcat strike of 3,500

flight engineers. **Stuart H. Loory**, a science writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, discusses the problems of the airlines' "third man." . . . President Nasser is having difficulties with his "junior partner" in the United Arab Republic. **Harry B. Ellis**, Middle East correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, reports on the increasing antipathy of the Syrians toward their Egyptian president. . . . The idea of unilateral disarmament has become a rallying point for a variety of Britons with a variety of backgrounds. It also represents a strange blend of traditional British attitudes and present-day feelings of impotence in the face of Britain's decline from its position of world leadership. **Hedley Bull** teaches at the London School of Economics and Political Science. His *The Control of the Arms Race* will soon be published by the London Institute for Strategic Studies. . . . **Maya Pines**, author of *Retarded Children Can Be Helped* (Channe and Crown), writes about New York's School Volunteer program.

ENGLISH is perhaps the only language in which the Bible is revered as a supreme literary achievement. **George Steiner** discusses the recently published New Testament of the *New English Bible* (combined Oxford and Cambridge Presses) and reviews the thousand-year history of communion between the Bible and the English language. Mr. Steiner's *The Death of Tragedy* will soon be published by Knopf. . . . **Marya Mannes** reports on the television networks' discovery of public affairs. . . . **Nat Hentoff's** *The Jazz Life* will be published by Dial this month. . . . **James Baldwin** writes about a friend with whom he frequently quarreled, the late Richard Wright. Mr. Baldwin's *Notes of a Native Son* is available in Beacon paperback edition. His latest collection of essays, *Nobody Knows My Name* *More Notes of a Native Son*, will be published shortly by Dial. . . . **Pamela Hansford Johnson** is the author of *The Humbler Creation* (Harcourt, Brace).

Our cover is by **Mozelle Thompson**.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE JEWS OF MOROCCO

**To the Editor:** Edmond Taylor has performed a public service with his timely article "The Plight of the Moroccan Jews" in the February 16 *Reporter*. It is a well-balanced analysis of a tragic situation, and I trust that the West will start considering the plight of Morocco's Jews as a storm signal.

IRVING HABERMAN  
Sacramento, California

**To the Editor:** Mr. Taylor admits relying upon "responsible though inevitably partisan Jewish sources. . . ." But he does not say why the partisanship is inevitable or to what it is partisan. Is it to the Jewish Agency? Then Mr. Taylor should have identified it as an instrument of the State of Israel, barred from recruiting immigration in Morocco for the past five years. Or are some of the "inevitable partisans" from among those "moderate Jewish leaders" who are glad to be rid of "our poor Jews . . . who are only a drain on the Moroccan economy . . .?"

In 1955 I met such "moderates." They were, for the most part, people of great wealth. They enjoyed the best possible of two worlds, in a halfway house between struggling Moroccan independence and the system of "protégés" of the great powers. Although Zionism was a political enemy to the Arab nation in which they lived, they collaborated with Zionist agents rather than face the social responsibility for tens of thousands of Jews—along with millions of Moslems—who were all desperately poor.

The Jews of North Africa are enduring difficulties. So is all of North Africa. Even Mr. Taylor cannot quite suppress the fundamental fact that, little though the Moroccans may have, they are with few exceptions inviting all their citizens, regardless of faith, to share it.

It is news when man bites dog. But to pay so little deference to the responsible Moroccan authorities, the basic facts of the Zionist-Arab struggle, and the deliberate Israeli policy of recruiting immigration in the interests of Israel, regardless of the interests of the prospective immigrants, is stretching "news" into sensationalism.

ELMER BERGER  
Executive Vice President  
The American Council for Judaism  
New York

**To the Editor:** Mr. Taylor has neglected to mention the issues which are at the root of the recent change in the Moroccan treatment of the Jews: the forcible establishment of the State of Israel, Israel's subsequent mistreatment of the Arab population that did not flee from Palestine, Israel's expansion through army terrorism, its refusal to discuss compensation of the Arab ref-

ugees through the United Nations, and its recurrent attacks on Arab border villages by the Israeli Army, for which it has been censured by the United Nations four times (five, including the General Assembly censure for the Sinai invasion in 1956).

JEAN LITOWINSKY  
New York

**To the Editor:** The death of King Mohammed, sad to all those who have prayed for the orderly progress of the Moroccan nation, is particularly grievous to the Jews who lived there. Bad as things might be, the Jews could always hope for the help and intervention of the king. Hassan II certainly lacks the authority his late father could always bring to bear in behalf of his Jewish subjects; and what is more troubling, it is not certain that he has the will. The plight of Morocco's Jews may soon be even worse.

ELIZABETH OLNEY  
Washington

### DOLLARS

**To the Editor:** The major thesis of Otto Eckstein's article "The World's Dollar and Ours" (*The Reporter*, February 16) seems to be that the problem of inflation in the United States must be viewed in terms of its effects on our position in world markets as well as in terms of its domestic implications. This is indeed an important point. However, Mr. Eckstein, like many other individuals, seem to put the bulk of the blame on the "stubborn problems of price-setting and of collective bargaining in the concentrated industries." The argument here is that union wage demands and administered prices in concentrated industry are the root of our inflationary price increases. The steel industry is singled out as a prime example.

Yet in this very article, Mr. Eckstein points out that since 1957 wholesale industrial prices have risen only minutely, that prices of consumer goods have risen somewhat faster, and that it is the prices of services that have accounted for the greatest amount of inflation in this period.

The contradiction here is obvious. Prices of steel and many of the so-called concentrated industries are reflected in the wholesale price index. Furthermore, service industries are characterized by the least relative degree of concentration of business and unionization of labor. Thus, the driving up of prices in the service industries can hardly be attributed to the power of big business and organized labor. Nor has the existence of such inflationary power been evident at all in the stability of wholesale prices over the past four years.

ALLAN R. KORETZ  
Chicago

**To the Editor:** I can go along mostly with Mr. Eckstein, except to the extent



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From **THE TYRANNY OF MULTIPLE-CHOICE TESTS** by Banesh Hoffmann. "The nation, in short, is placing enormous reliance on machine-graded multiple-choice tests as a measure of ability. But, unhappily, it can be shown that these tests have great defects. Our confidence in them can have dangerous consequences not only for education but for the strength and vitality of the nation. The whole question of multiple-choice testing needs thorough re-examination — and it is not getting it."

From **WRITING THE 'INSIDE' BOOKS** by John Gunther: "I suppose I should add a word about the jokes. Such appalling jokes! Few weeks go by, even now, when I am not asked by somebody when more of my insides are coming out or when I am going to write 'Inside Gunther.' Arriving in a city, I have heard the arch phrase, 'Ah, you are inside Buffalo now,' or, 'Now you can write an article about being inside the Hotel Flamingo,' at least ten thousand times."

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that I do not believe he is realistic in his view about foreign trade. With increasing nationalism a world trend today, and with most foreign countries far more determined than we are to protect home industries, I doubt if we will make a great deal of headway in the so-called further elimination of trade restrictions. Even if we were able to, I am not sure it would redound to our benefit, if at the same time we had to tend toward further easing in our own restrictions. The simple facts of life today are that unless we can keep our mass markets reasonably well for ourselves, we cannot support our economy and maintain full employment for any long pull.

J. SPENCER LOVE  
Chairman and President  
Burlington Industries, Inc.  
Greensboro, North Carolina

### NEW ORLEANS

To the Editor: In my opinion Douglass Cater ("The Lessons of William Frantz and McDonogh 19," *The Reporter*, February 16) has done an excellent job, treading his way carefully through a complex situation. The situation is indeed so complex that it is dangerous for one who hasn't been in New Orleans recently to comment. I should like to emphasize, however, what Mr. Cater says about the need for national leadership.

The nation as a whole has contributed to what New Orleans and the South are. The nation therefore cannot avoid the responsibility of helping the South. I think that much of the South would accept strong but tactful leadership on the race problem. Southerners are also Americans, they would like to act like Americans, they could be led to do so. There is a growing realization in the white South that it is in the wrong on the race issue. Of course we should have developed a Southern leadership to guide us; but, lacking this, we are open to persuasion by national leadership, because we are also Americans.

In emphasizing leadership, I do not omit the need for force. If it is necessary, use it. It is unfortunate that Little Rock was ever permitted to happen—lack of national leadership, I should say. But Little Rock at least proved something that the South finds it hard to learn—that it did lose the Civil War.

J. M. DABBS, President  
Southern Regional Council, Inc.  
Mayesville, South Carolina

To the Editor: I have read with interest the article on New Orleans by Douglass Cater. The article is excellent: it is factual and accurate. It is one of the best pieces I have seen on this subject.

J. SKELLY WRIGHT  
U.S. District Judge  
New Orleans

PORTER

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## THE REPORTER'S NOTES

### Unpaid P.R. Men

Before it can get its house in order, the new administration is already being pestered by that peculiar publicity ailment known as "leakage." The leaks have had certain things in common. So far they have originated in the Pentagon, fed out by military enthusiasts who disregard the damage they may do to U.S. policy and to the process of policy-making itself.

Take the recent story, carried in the Washington *Evening Star*, about Secretary of State Rusk having suggested to the Pentagon in a private memorandum that "Even massive attacks on Europe should be met with conventional weapons" and that "Localized attacks against our allies outside of Europe should be met largely by United States troops using conventional weapons instead of by troops of the country under attack." The story stirred immediate furies in Congress and ricocheted around the world, causing wonderment among our allies and enemies alike.

What Mr. Rusk had really done was to initiate with Secretary of Defense McNamara a discussion of two of the major problems they have inherited from the Eisenhower administration. The first, in the jargon of the strategists, is how to "raise the nuclear threshold" so that the first outbreak of hostilities in Europe or elsewhere will not lead automatically to an atomic holocaust. The second is how to strike a proper balance between our own limited-war forces and those of certain allies that show no disposition to use our military aid effectively. On both these problems, Mr. Rusk was setting forth his tentative thinking in an attempt to re-establish the close communication between makers of foreign policy and military strategists that has long been missing.

The insertion of a dozen qualifying words would have taken all the sting out of the *Star* story. But the

reporters had not seen the Rusk memorandum. All that was available was an interpretation of it, given with malice aforethought, by proponents of massive retaliation who fear anything that may reduce their primacy and their appropriations. They know full well that the quickest way to ruin a new policy, like an undeveloped film, is to expose it to the harsh glare of publicity.

Here is a difficult and delicate problem for an administration that is trying to take a fresh and objective look at some of the policies that have become dogma in recent years. It is an equally difficult and delicate problem for the free and responsible press. The reporter's job is to get his story without being made victim of the people who hand it to him. And it is often forgotten that the editor's job, particularly when he deals with stories affecting the nation's security, is to edit.

### Book Review

This is a highly literate administration, so it is hardly surprising that Postmaster General J. Edward Day once wrote a novel. But it may be fortunate for Mr. Day that both the press and the politicians didn't get around to reading his book before the hearings on his confirmation.

*Bartholf Street*, published in 1947, was dedicated to John P. Marquand. It is the story of a young doctor who studies in Europe after his graduation from medical school. He is attracted to a lovely young dancer who is a Marxist. But he goes back to the United States with a brassy Midwestern girl, eventually marries her, then falls in love with his wife's sister. The young doctor is not happy about his career—he considers ninety-five per cent of his fellow physicians materialists who are fond of the knife because surgery pays well—but, in the Marquandian way, he continues his practice and stays with his wife.

One can imagine the torture certain senators would have inflicted on Mr. Day. Why was it that the two most attractive women in the book were (a) a Marxist and (b) a crypto-socialist? Does Mr. Day really think the doctor was justified in taking such an un-A.M.A. view of the medical profession? Is any man who can imagine, if not tacitly approve, such unconventional behavior qualified to serve as the censor over what may pass through the U.S. mails?

Of course, Mr. Day could have pointed out that the doctor did consider his Communist friends a rather wild crew. And at one point in the story the hero did remark about a Federal housing project: "What would like to know is who is going to pay for it and all these other socialistic schemes?"

Yes, in a way it was lucky for Mr. Day that *Bartholf Street*—unlike his boss's books, which were both best sellers—was rejected by so many publishers that the author eventually paid \$700 of his own money to have it published. It sold fewer than a thousand copies, although it will certainly do much better if it is reissued now.

It is good to know that Mr. Day is a writer. We look forward to reading the memoirs he will write after a successful term of office.

### The 'Need' to Grow

There is more than a little embarrassment on the New Frontier over the campaign talk about economic growth. Candidate Kennedy stresses again and again that Americans must be prepared to accept personal sacrifices in order to increase the country's rate of growth. Since taking office he has been more restrained on this subject. The recession has forced him to ask for a series of welfare measures which, while perhaps improving the prospects for growth, are much more easily understood



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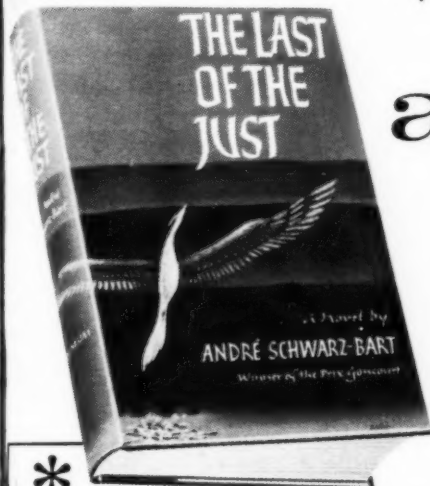
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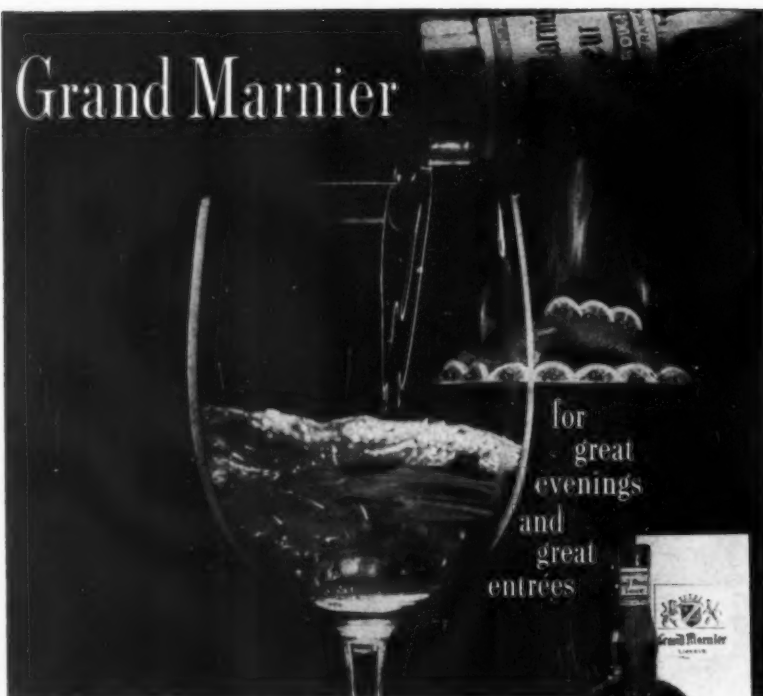
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because they relieve suffering. If, as many Washington economists predict, the administration will ask for a temporary tax cut in April as an anti-recession measure, the public is certainly not likely to regard that as "sacrifice."

What rate of growth the United States "needs" is pretty much an academic question. Historically, the American economy has grown at a rate of about three per cent a year. In some postwar years of high employment, we reached a rate of five per cent, though not without a considerable threat of inflation. Nobody knows for sure just how fast our economy will grow once high employment is restored.

Leaving aside the idea of using growth statistics to compete with the Russians, the one sense in which it can be argued that we "need" to grow still faster is in order to avoid sacrifices in the form of higher taxes that otherwise might be necessary to finance the government's foreign and domestic programs. Obviously, the faster we grow (at constant prices), the easier it is to finance government, since we get more revenue from the same tax rates. There is nothing particularly surprising about this. Perhaps the New Frontiersman is still a suburbanite after all.

## The Stakes in Venezuela

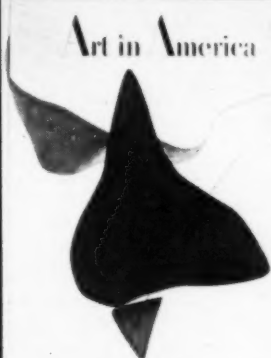
Attempted revolutions always follow the same pattern in Venezuela. It doesn't matter whether the rebels belong to the extreme Right or to the extreme Left: if they are strong enough they capture one of the many army barracks; when weak, they settle for a radio station, hoping the masses will swarm into the streets. Then there is a telephone conversation, officers loyal to the government calling the revolutionaries and telling them to quit. So far, a mere recount of forces has been sufficient to bring the rebels to heel. Unhappily, this is not a musical comedy. What is at stake is the stability of a constitutional government whose fate may in large measure determine the future of democracy in Latin America.

Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt recently told a visitor who had shown some curiosity about the revolution of the month: "Don't

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forget that Caracas was founded by *Andaluces*," referring to the undisciplined temperament of Mediterranean Andalusia. But there is much more than lack of discipline behind Venezuela's unrest. The new government inherited an economy vastly undermined by ten years of corruption under the Pérez Jiménez dictatorship. Betancourt was committed to pass legislation on some badly needed social reforms and to his own party's platform demanding a more nationalistic policy. The former resulted in an increase in government expenditures, and the latter paralyzed the growth of Venezuela's oil exports at a time when there was a drop in the world market price. According to official estimates, the present fiscal year will close with a deficit of some \$330 million.

Bad distribution of wealth, poor housing, illiteracy, and unemployment make work all the easier for demagogues and revolutionaries of all kinds. Those on the Right would undoubtedly lead the country to the sort of one-man rule that has been traditional in Venezuela; the Left would end up with a Castro-type government. Either alternative could be fatal to the morale of the democratic elements in Latin America.

**B**UT Betancourt, a respected figure throughout this hemisphere who is proud to call himself an old-fashioned liberal, is certainly not going to go down without a fight. Since he came to power after an unimpeachable election in February, 1959, he has learned a great deal about the problems of leading a country from dictatorship to democracy. He is still nursing badly burned hands, the consequence of an assassination attempt that cost the lives of several of his aides. The president is now much more willing than he was to use force himself when it seems necessary for the preservation of freedom.

A former political exile who had spent most of his life opposing military dictators, Betancourt has proved an able politician in dealing with the army and is now tackling the tricky problem of relating Venezuela's economy to Venezuela's nationalism. More than ever he can count on the support of the United

States. He is said to have been delighted by the rumors that the new U.S. ambassador in Caracas will be his old friend Teodoro Moscoso, who has been at the right hand of Governor Luis Muñoz Marín in planning and guiding Puerto Rico's astonishing economic progress.

Barring a successful revolution, the present Venezuelan government has three more years in which to mobilize the country's resources. With only seven million people, Venezuela has oil reserves estimated at 17.2 billion barrels—half the U.S. total—and 2.2 billion tons of iron ore. If Betancourt succeeds in the job he has set himself to do, all those who want genuine democracy for the nations of Latin America will have won a decisive battle.

### These Things Were Said

¶ "Coffee breaks are costing California about \$75 million a year," Sen. Randolph Collier (D Yreka) commented Wednesday in a committee hearing on the [California] state budget. "I also understand that male office employees go to the bathroom at least six times a day on the average," he added. "We've made some preliminary studies which indicate a direct correlation between the two kinds of time-off," said legislative analyst A. Alan Post, an efficiency expert.—*The Los Angeles Times*.

¶ Whatever the climate under which we work with the new administration in private, however, I have little doubt but that two scapegoats will bear in public the brunt of the blame for domestic ills that may develop or, if now existent, be difficult to solve. The blame will first be placed on mistakes of the Eisenhower Administration. . . . The second "guilty" party for ills that may develop in the domestic picture, however, may be business—particularly big business. Whether or not these charges will be justified means less than the fact that they will be levied and will bring greater activity in the area of public relations. —"What Business Can Expect from the New Administration," by Robert Gray, formerly secretary to the Cabinet in the Eisenhower administration and now, vice-president of Hill and Knowlton, Inc., Public Relations Counsel.

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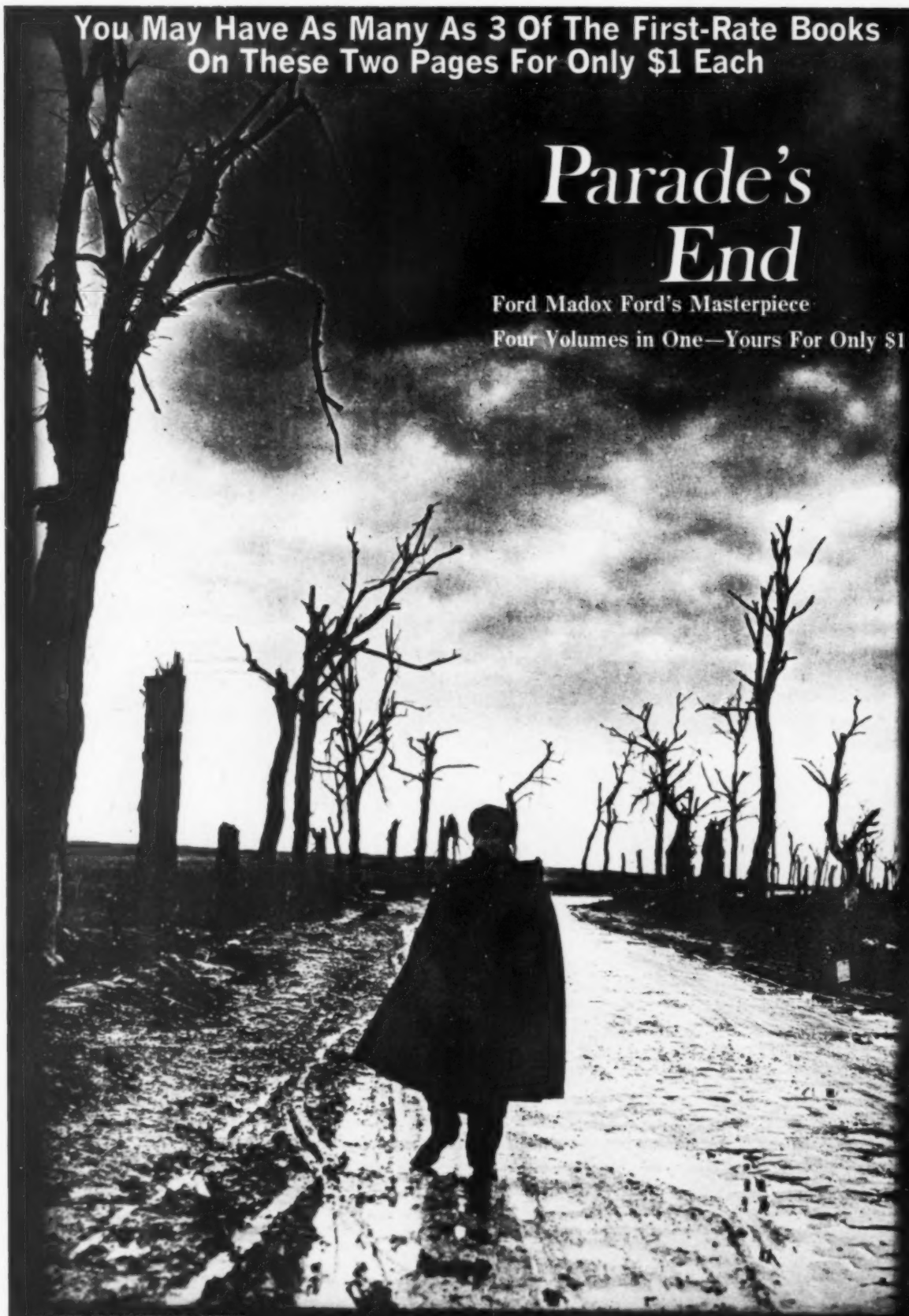


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# The Disappearing Satellite

GEORGE BAILEY

**T**HE NUMBER of East Germans who have fled the Soviet Zone for West Germany since the end of the Second World War is now well over four million, or more than a fourth of the present population of East Germany. It is the greatest voluntary mass migration in recorded European history. More significantly, the refugee flow from East to West Germany has now entered the seventeenth postwar year virtually undiminished. The average annual total of refugees from East Germany since the founding of the so-called German Democratic Republic in 1949 has been about 230,000. In 1960 the total was almost exactly 200,000. In January of this year, 16,700 East Germans requested asylum in West Germany.

The officially registered flow of refugees accounts for the great bulk of German migration but not for all of it. The West German Office of Statistics in Wiesbaden has reported that during the decade 1950 through 1959 an additional one million East Germans registered with the West German police as new residents in the Federal Republic. Many of these kept clear of refugee channels, usually relying on relatives for their reception. Their total number is well over a third as large as the registered refugee flow itself.

The striking aspect of the refugee flow is its uniformity. Throughout the past sixteen years, fifty per cent of the annual total of refugees have always been under twenty-five, seventy-four per cent under forty-five, and over ninety per cent under sixty-five. The effect of these numbers on the

population structure of East Germany has been staggering. The East German statistical yearbook for 1960 shows a loss over a nine-year period of almost a million (or thirty-two per cent) in the age group from six to fifteen years. In the age group from twenty-five to fifty, a loss of more than a million and a quarter (or twenty per cent) is recorded. Conversely, the segment of the population



over fifty has increased by well over half a million (or ten per cent), while people over sixty-five have gained more than 400,000 members—an increase of eighteen per cent. The mass of the East German population has either retired or is approaching an age of retirement.

In a speech in July of 1958, Otto Grotewohl, prime minister of East Germany, cited tremendous losses in manpower through refugees, and admitted that the "continuing flight from the Republic is problem No.

1." This, he concluded, "cannot go on." Since that speech, half a million East Germans have requested asylum in West Germany. In January, 1960, the East German State Planning Commission predicted that the country's labor force would decrease by 600,000 workers before 1966 because of the faulty population structure. No further loss of population was reckoned with. Since then, a quarter of a million East Germans have gone west.

## Why Do They Leave?

Why have so many left? Why do so many continue to leave? The most frequent reason given is "unsatisfactory or insufficient education of children." This is not primarily because of the widespread exclusion of the children of intellectuals from higher education in favor of "workers' and peasants' offspring," or because of the inferiority of educational facilities due to the increasing lack of qualified teachers; the main objection of parents is that their children are being educated along Communist lines. The second reason given is the "lack of opportunity to travel abroad"—in most cases meaning to West Germany. "Political pressure" is the third ranking reason.

Over the years Communist authorities have tried desperately to stop the flow, but as often as not their efforts have backfired. When they increase restrictions more people leave (the restrictions imposed to prevent flight become additional reasons for flight); when they relax restrictions more people leave (access invites flight). The régime's attempts to mollify certain segments of the popula-



tion, particularly the industrial elite and the professional classes, tend to disaffect the unprivileged masses still further.

Apart from the strong detaining influences of home and property, the majority of East Germans have so far remained in East Germany because they still have hope of reunification. Paradoxically, this hope is based on the phenomenon of continuing refugee flow: the hopefulness of those who stay feeds on the desperation of those who leave. Those who lose hope give hope.

Those who take hope in this fashion are often smugly cynical. A young couple visiting West Berlin from Leipzig, both members of the codded industrial elite, recently put it this way: "If so many people continue to leave East Germany, just think how well off we will be. The régime will do everything for us." "But suppose," I asked, "that not so many people leave and there is a definite prospect that the régime will stabilize itself—what then?" "Oh, then, we would leave."

Months ago, the régime tried to slow down the refugee flow by requiring conductors on trains to East Berlin from other parts of East Germany to report to transport police all passengers whose appearance or baggage warranted a suspicion of flight. The conductors duly did so. But almost all the suspects turned out to be provincial functionaries en route to party or government headquarters in East Berlin. People who wanted to flee to the West were free of baggage and free to escape.

### A Major Scandal

To compensate for the loss of manpower, the régime has adopted increasingly radical measures. Recently Walter Ulbricht, first secretary of the East German Socialist Unity Party and boss of the régime, announced that 86,000 prisoners had been amnestied since last October. But such measures, however helpful temporarily, do nothing to alleviate shortages in critical specialist and professional categories. Here the situation is simply catastrophic. Last year, 698 doctors of medicine left the Soviet Zone. Since 1954, 3,100 doctors have fled. This figure alone is about twenty per cent of the number of doctors resident in East Germany when the

Democratic Republic was inaugurated in September, 1949. There are now areas in East Germany where no doctor is available within forty miles.

The refugee flow and all its consequences have long since become a painful subject among the satellite diplomatic community in East Berlin and throughout East Germany. Some Eastern European diplomats have been the victims of the doctor shortage. "How," one of them asked me, "can an East German doctor leave his patients—his own people?" Many satellite diplomats are quite



frankly less concerned over East Germany's loss than they are alarmed at West Germany's proportionate gain. The Germans are reuniting and an increasingly powerful Germany is emerging.

The rampant labor shortage caused by the refugee flow is mainly responsible for the disequilibrium in the East German economy. This, in turn, has made it impossible for East Germany to do without imports from West Germany, particularly of specialized steel parts and materials such as metallic lacquer. West Germany's announced cancellation of the interzonal trade agreement forced the German Communists to take stock of their dependence on the West German economy. Panic ensued. Neither the East Germans nor the Soviets had realized the crucial role of West German finished products in East German production. The East German efforts to renegotiate the agreement were well-nigh frantic.

Ironically, East Germany's chances of breaking its economic dependence on West Germany diminished with the signing of the new trade agreement. As soon as the cancellation of the interzonal trade agreement was announced, East German firms started negotiations with firms in Communist countries for supply contracts to make up for the loss of West German sources. In some cases they succeeded. This move was welcomed by both the East German Communists and the Soviets because it fell in neatly with the Soviet bloc's economic integration plans. When the new interzonal agreement was signed, however, East German firms went right back into their former contractual relations with West German firms, leaving their fellow Communist firms high and dry. Worse still, West German firms asked for long-term contracts and got them. As a result, the East German economy is now bound more closely than ever to West German suppliers.

THERE ARE some indications that the Soviet Union and its East German minions have finally drawn the ultimate conclusion: the only way to stop refugees is to seal off both East Berlin and the Soviet Zone by total physical security measures. The régime has already alerted specialized Communist formations to man the East Berlin sector boundary sometime this spring—bringing up surly Saxons to replace good-natured Berliners along the sector patrol routes. They are transferring tough and experienced customs officers from zonal border duty to check points in the city. Berliners are reckoning with the distinct possibility that Khrushchev will make good his threat of a separate peace treaty and ring down the Iron Curtain in front of East Berlin—with searchlight and machine-gun towers, barbed wire, and police-dog patrols. Technically this is feasible. But the very feasibility of the measure poses two questions: Why was it not taken long ago? Can it be taken now?

There are many reasons why the Communists have not sealed off East Berlin. The same reasons will hold good for the foreseeable future: such an action would mean cancellation without notice of the interzonal agreement and would precipitate an in-

ternational crisis of the first magnitude. There would be major domestic disturbances in the East Zone and particularly in East Berlin: the perpetual infection that causes the refugee flow would be exacerbated by stopping its main outlet.

Beginning early last year, West Berlin authorities were puzzled by the radical increase in the number of *Grenzgänger* (border crossers), specifically East Berliners employed in West Berlin. By mid-year the number had risen to sixty thousand, where it has remained. It was discovered that a large number of these are construction workers, a great many of whom are members of the famous "Block G North"—the official designation of that part of the Stalinallee construction gang which started the uprising of June 17, 1953. Building construction is one of the great neglected sectors of the East German economy. Many of the construction workers, who are among the toughest members of the East German labor force, are actually unemployed much of the year, especially during the winter. The Communists do not have the latest refinements, such as plastic tarpaulins to cover building sites during off hours, which are needed for construction during bad weather. As a result, thousands of East Berlin construction workers take employment in West Berlin, where building continues throughout the year. If East Berlin people were sealed off, sixty thousand people would be thrown out of work—including Block G North. Trouble would be inevitable.

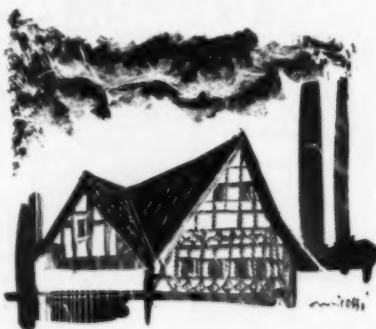
Then there is the disintegration of the party, especially the cadres, into corps of professional opportunists. Very few "Ideal-Kommunisten" are left. In disgust and dismay, almost all the old concentration-camp graduates have turned their backs on Ulbricht, convinced that his policies are bankrupt. Ulbricht's intensive collectivization program which drove thousands of farmers to flight and ruined the agricultural economy is still a source of great bitterness in party ranks. The opportunists who have taken the places of the idealists will do nothing to jeopardize their cozy sinecures. Yes men afraid to do anything else, they are content to ride the dying horse to a fall. The East German Communists and their

Soviet masters are doomed if they don't and damned if they do seal off East Berlin.

For the last ten years, the West German government has made frequent pious appeals to East Germans to stay put. But whenever the refugee flow diminishes there is an undercurrent of alarm in the official expression of satisfaction, and whenever the refugee flow increases there is an undercurrent of satisfaction in the official expression of alarm.

### A Failure of Policy

The policy of the western allies in regard to East Germany has consistently been based on the expectation that the East German Communist régime would never be able to stabilize itself. The only reason the régime cannot stabilize itself is the refugee flow. Thus allied policy in regard to



East Germany is based on the assumption that the refugee flow would continue virtually undiminished until such time as the Russians saw themselves forced to come to terms. This calculation is paying off. It began to pay off as early as November, 1958.

Khrushchev's precipitation of the Berlin crisis was the first Soviet response to an East German situation that was rapidly becoming untenable. The Soviet six months' ultimatum on West Berlin was in reality a defensive reaction carefully disguised as a political power threat. It was, in short, a desperate bluff. The bluff produced the ten weeks' mummery of the Foreign Ministers' Conference at Geneva, in which the Russians mimed insistence on their phony maximum demands, and finally the Spirit of Camp David.

For the Russians it was a question of gaining time to do anything possible to stop the refugee flow. They

actually succeeded in diminishing the total of refugees for 1959 by better than one-quarter of the 1958 total. During this period a trickle of returnees from West to East Germany increased to produce some semblance of a "refugee" flow in reverse. But the causes of both results were not what the Communists assumed they were. Whenever negotiations on Berlin are in course or an atmosphere conducive to negotiations exists, East Germans watch and wait—and the refugee flow slackens accordingly. When Khrushchev torpedoed the summit conference, the flow increased abruptly to more than twenty thousand for May, 1960, and has continued strong ever since.

IT WAS as a result of the double defeat in 1959—in negotiations as well as in refugee stoppage—that the Russians realized the definite failure of Soviet policy in East Germany. At about the same time, the allies were bound to realize that the initiative in the German question—by virtue of sheer accumulation of refugees (weighing East Germany's loss against West Germany's gain)—had passed into their hands. In August, 1960, they applied the initiative for the first time since the formation of the West German state in 1949. This they did by prevailing upon the West Germans to cancel the interzonal trade agreement in retaliation for continued East German pinpricking of the allied position in Berlin. The resumption of the trade agreement just two days before the New Year's deadline was a formidable victory for the allies. While they did not insist on scoring formal points publicly, they did provide an object lesson to the East Germans and Soviets on the relative strengths of the two Germanys. More significantly, by announcing the cancellation of the trade agreement, the allies took the crisis out of Berlin and placed it where it belongs—in East Germany. The cessation of interzonal trade would affect East Berlin only indirectly; it would cripple East Germany. There may well be a German crisis in 1961, but it is doubtful that there will be another Berlin crisis.

"Are the allies prepared," an East Berliner asked a few days ago, "to concede a struggle they have already

decisively won?" There is evidence that the allied leaders have become increasingly aware of their advantage. In striking contrast to allied reluctance even to mention the subject of refugees at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in 1959 for fear of "provoking the Soviets," the British Prime Minister, speaking at the United Nations in 1960, calmly recited the figures of the East Germans who had gone West and added that "There was some lesson to be learned from these dry statistics."

Less than a month later the British Foreign Minister, Lord Home, told a West German correspondent that the allies had no Berlin problem. "If the Soviets have a problem," he added, "then we are prepared to sit down and discuss it with them." The implication of this statement is as clear as the truth it involves: West Berlin is not a holding action; East Germany is a holding action—and the bear's grip is slipping. It is the Soviets and not the West who have a Berlin problem, within the context of their much larger East German problem. This is why the Soviet "free city" plan for West Berlin has never been spelled out: in the face of the realities of the German situation, it is clear that no such plan would work. The West's main problem is to provide some way out for the Soviets with as little loss of face and as many guarantees of security as possible.

**T**HERE ARE highly informed people here who see a singular significance in the declaration about Berlin made by British statesmen, notoriously disinclined as a rule to bark at the Soviets. It is said here that the Soviets have a clear choice: they can either persist in their unsuccessful holding action and watch the Germans reunite in West Germany, or they can try to negotiate a settlement and obtain every reasonable guarantee that Germany will never again dominate either Eastern Europe or the Western European Union. This will happen when Great Britain and the other members of the European Free Trade Association come to some sort of agreement with the European Economic Community. And the chances for such an agreement seem better than ever right now.



## What Is the Congo?

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

**LEOPOLDVILLE**  
**W**HEN the Congolese soldiers burst into his hotel room, the prime minister of Kivu Province, Anicet Kashamura, looked depressed but not astonished. "*Tu vas venir avec nous!*" a noncom announced.

As Kashamura began to argue, the MPs, with their red-striped khaki helmets almost covering their eyes, seized him and then hustled him into a waiting elevator. They said they were taking him to Stanleyville.

As the car carrying Kashamura and his captors swerved around the volcano-flanked roads with their breath-taking views of Lake Kivu, the kidnapped premier's severe face was a study in deep melancholy. On either side of him, on the back seat, sat a tall, expressionless guard with a rifle. For important political prisoners, the road to Stanleyville is often the road to death.

After several hours of driving, the army car rolled into Goma, once a Lake Kivu tourist resort but in recent months the scene of drunken military orgies, which have included the stripping and slashing of hospital nuns. Here the prisoner was recognized and other soldiers stopped the car. To Kashamura's relief, they were on his side.

In any other country there would probably have been shooting, but in the Congo everything goes at only two speeds—dead slow and stop. A palaver followed, and the captors agreed to give the premier to the Goma troops, who sent him back, apparently free, to his capital, Bukavu.

There he not only resigned; he announced—presumably sure that Stanleyville would get him if he didn't—that he was withdrawing from politics. He took shelter with the U.N.'s Nigerian troops. When he learned that the man who had ordered him arrested had also taken refuge in another part of the U.N. camp, Kashamura ventured out and was soon arrested again. Released, he returned—at least for the time being—to the protection of the United Nations.

This episode is typical of many aspects of the Congolese tragicomedy. Kashamura was Lumumba's information minister. He headed the largest party in the Bukavu area of Kivu. He is a Marxist who has been to Prague and who seemed an ideal lieutenant for rebel "national premier" Antoine Gizenga in Stanleyville.

Kashamura's fall from grace demonstrates again how transient is power here, how much more powerful is anyone in uniform with a gun than any political party, how inexorable is the principle that those who rely on Moscow for survival can soon become expendable if they obstruct a swing in Moscow policy.

### A United Half-Congo?

Kashamura had barely withdrawn from the political jungle of the Congo than the first feelers were going out from Stanleyville for "reconciliation" with Léopoldville.

In Léopoldville, with its night clubs and restaurants which get their food from Brazzaville across the river and their dual-purpose barmaids



from Angola—where white skins are plentiful and cheap—things look almost normal. In the stores, stocks from abandoned upcountry towns seem to belie the austerity imports program. Big cars roam the fine highways, and the *Courrier d'Afrique* is a relatively free press by African standards.

But the government in Léopoldville has its back to the wall. Its administration is recognized in less than half the country. And the Congo's political plague, the army, is here too—its loyalty uncertain, its demands for more pay more insistent.

The international storm over Lumumba's death and the threat from the Communist-aided eastern regions of the Congo have had at least one good effect, however temporary. These threats have been driving the country's non-Communist leaders together, with the result that, for the first time, there is a united front against the leftist rebels, whose threatened attack on Léopoldville seems, in any event, to have been suspended.

For some time, Joseph Kasavubu, the quiet, mysterious, stocky little president whose grandfather was a Chinese laborer on the Congo railroad, has been trying to reassemble his official empire. Repeatedly, he has extended overtures to Albert Kalonji, the cunning mulatto who rules "autonomously" in South Kasai, and to Moïse Tshombe, the Katangese president.

All along, Tshombe has wanted nothing more than a military pact with Léopoldville, and an economic agreement. Kalonji has marched in Tshombe's shadow. But the Elisabethville president sometimes irked his junior colleague, and Kalonji, who is brighter—and less gilt-edged economically—than Tshombe, has been thinking more and more in terms of closer agreement with Kasavubu.

When the Russian roar over Lumumba's death began to echo across the Congo from a score of different Afro-Asian-European capitals, Kasavubu quickly proposed a conference of leaders in Katanga, and Kalonji obligingly came out for a federal solution. A long step was taken in this direction when all three regional "authorities"—the word "government" was carefully avoided—signed an agreement on February 28 to

work out their mutual difficulties free of "outside" interference.

Kalonji seems prepared to sacrifice his *de facto* independence and participate in reconciliation talks with Joseph Iléo, the Congo's official if ineffective premier, and he has pointedly referred to the "selfishness" of his friend Tshombe, still adamantly independent. Tshombe, too, has ceded a few points and suggested that Kasavubu, Iléo, Kalonji, and Gizenga meet with him in Geneva on March 3. (The site was later changed to the Malagasy Republic and the date to March 5.) Some sort of loose confederation of the non-Communist Congo is therefore just possible—that is, if Russian pressure continues, if Belgian support for Katanga flinches, if the Iléo government can give some guaranties of stability, if the armies withdraw from politics, if Tshombe and Kalonji do not change their minds, if . . . The chances are there, but they are remote. Observers will believe in a united Congo, or a united half-Congo, when they see it. For the moment, Tshombe, though obviously worried, feels secure enough to bellow back at a hostile world, to continue buying an air force, and to keep Brigadier Iyassu Mengashah of Ethiopia, the U.N. force's chief of staff, cooling his heels for days in the Flemish mining center that is Katanga's capital, rather than talk to him about the Katangese Army or Lumumba.

The impression is that Tshombe would probably agree to reconfederate Katanga into the Congo only if he were to be Kasavubu's premier or if he were defeated in war. The first condition is unlikely to be fulfilled; the second *might* happen, if the U.N. can fulfill its mandate to disarm all Congolese armies and expel foreign officers. That, of course, would amount to conquest by the United Nations itself.

**WHAT** OF reconciliation between Léopoldville and Stanleyville? Recently, there have been signs that certain rebel elements in Stanleyville desire to come to terms.

Provincial President Jean Foster Manzikala put out feelers to the western diplomats who came to Stanleyville to try to evacuate their nationals. The Chaplinesque figure

of Victor Lundula, the retired army top sergeant-nurse whom Lumumba made general and who now commands—in theory—all rebel forces, has made approaches both to the embassies and to Mobutu. Even the redoubtable Gizenga himself (Prague, '58; Peking, '59; Marxist College, Conakry, '60) may be overthrown or neutralized, it has been hinted.

Whose idea was this reconciliation gesture with the West? It has a familiar ring, following as it did within twenty-four hours the end of the "revenge for Lumumba" campaign across the world. Moscow, having blown hot, now seems to seek to lull Kasavubu and the West into a complacent belief that not only is coexistence possible within a single Congolese government but that the Communist aim is not to take over Africa, politically, at all. Manzikala and Lundula, being less frightening than Gizenga or Kashamura, are apparently the new policy instruments.

#### Mr. Tshombe Perseveres

Despite the brave words of the February 28 agreement, nearly everything that happens in the Congo is the result of "outside" influence. The only dynamic Congolese factor in the situation is Moïse Tshombe. Whereas Kasavubu and Iléo are lazy, Lumumba was incompetent and is now dead, and Gizenga has frequently seemed to be a puppet of the Moscow-Cairo-Accra axis, Tshombe, who began by being a cat's-paw of the Belgium Union Minière, is today much more than that.

When Tshombe's bid for independence came on July 11 last year, eleven days after Congolese independence, the chances of success seemed nil. The fact that Katanga supplied sixty-five per cent of the Belgian Congo's exports was not a major reason for Katanga's remaining in the unitary Congo Lumumba wanted, but it was a powerful reason for expecting that Lumumba, with most of the world then behind him, would make sure that it *did* remain. The Belgian Congo did not correspond to any geographical or ethnic entity and had never been given a national sentiment; on the day the Belgian flag came down, the Katangese were as foreign to the Bakongo of Léopoldville, a thousand miles away, as they had been on the day in 1960

when it rose. But Katangese revenues were something that Léopoldville was used to, something Léo depended on; and the Tshombe bid was compromised by obvious Belgian support that smelled of the Union Minière. Moreover, Tshombe had a powerful opposition, the Balubakatanga (so called to distinguish them from the Balubakasai, against whom Lumumba's genocide campaign was conducted).

**T**HE Balubakatanga are the largest single tribe in Katanga. Their party, the Balubakat, has support throughout northern Katanga—the poorest part, minerally speaking—and in Elisabethville itself, where many Baluba work. It is possible that Tshombe won the 1960 elections with Belgian connivance and some cheating, and that the Balubakat might have gotten more seats than the Conakat (Tshombe's party) in a freer poll, and thus formed the coalition government instead of Tshombe. For purely political and tactical reasons, the Balubakat allied itself with Lumumba. The Flemish owner of the Elisabethville daily *L'Essor du Katanga* was so sure of a Balubakat electoral victory in Katanga that he came out for the party—until the poll results were announced. (Today, having fired his editor, he toes the Tshombe line.)

Despite all unfavorable omens, Tshombe has enjoyed independence now for eight months. No one recognized his independence *officially*, but the French state radio refers to him as president (not self-styled or so-called, but simply president), the Belgians give him everything but outright support (open support would be fatal to him and possibly disastrous for Belgium), and the Congolese pay black-market rates for his currency. The *Courrier d'Afrique*, the main Léo paper, gives him cautious but persistent backing. French Black Africa uninhibitedly supports him.

The administration of Katanga, in chaos eight months ago, today exists. The Baluba are tired of their dissidence; like all African régimes, Tshombe's is rallying support from its opposition—in Africa, everybody wants to join the winning side. If Tshombe offered participation in government to the Balubakat and an

important ministry to Jason Sendwe, its leader, Katanga would probably present a united front.

Tshombe's European supporters are in bad odor with their own government in Brussels, which for diplomatic reasons does not want Tshombe's hand played so openly by Belgian subjects. The Katangese Belgians have no time for Premier Gaston Eyskens or Foreign Minister Pierre Wigny and are not enthusiastic about Paul-Henri Spaak, but you have only to see the tears in their eyes when they cheer Tshombe to know how they feel about him. Many of Tshombe's Belgian supporters, now that the Naturalization Act has been promulgated, will probably take Katangese citizenship. If they do this, it will be difficult to



question their devotion to Katanga's cause or to deny them full rights to participation in Katangese affairs.

Some of Tshombe's international statements are foolish and impertinent. And if, as everyone believes, Lumumba was executed on his orders, the lies his interior minister told to cover the death were infantile. But in spite of his numerous faults and his ingenuous pride, and even if Belgian support proves the kiss of death, Tshombe will have been the only effective leader the disappointing Congo has produced so far.

To reinforce whatever moral position he may be able to boast of, Tshombe has recruited a small but by African standards formidable force of well-paid white crusaders from Europe and South Africa. As a result, he is better prepared to

defend his country than any other Congolese political faction, and the small U.N. force would have considerable difficulty in neutralizing Katanga's armed forces against Tshombe's will.

### A Mandate for Partition?

Lumumba's death has had important repercussions abroad. As a political instrument for the Moscow-Cairo-Accra axis, its most dangerous effect is the opportunity given to these new imperialistic powers to overthrow Hammarskjöld and install in his place a stalemated triumvirate (representing East, West, and "neutrals")—in other words, destroy the U.N.'s capacity to deal effectively with major international crises.

In the Congo itself, Lumumba's death hardly stirred a ripple. Like so many African countries, the Congo prefers a live lap dog to a throttled wolf.

The immediate problem here is implementation of the Security Council mandate. The two crucial aspects are insulation of inflammable or inflamed areas of the country by the creation of U.N.-occupied neutral zones, and the regrouping, control, and disciplining—i.e., the disarming—of the Congo's many armies. The United Nations forces, even if their firepower and aerial mobility are much increased, seem insufficient to do both tasks. There are 13,363 men, and another eight hundred Malaysians are promised for April.

The two basic requirements would seem to be more troops, and a military figure at the head of all U.N. operations here. Now that Generals Indarjit Rikhye of India and Ben Hammou Kettani of Morocco have left, there is only one war-experienced senior officer here—Brigadier Iyassu Mengashah of Ethiopia.

General K. S. Thimayya, chief of the Indian Army staff, has been sounded out as a possible replacement for Rajeshwar Dayal, Hammarskjöld's special representative. Dayal is not a man to conduct a military operation, and the U.N.'s task in the Congo is today, more than ever, predominantly military.

If the Security Council resolution in these respects can be enforced, the road is open to reconvening the Congolese parliament and/or a re-

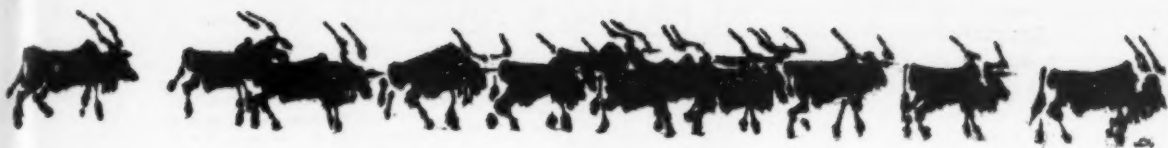
(Continued on page 28)

# African Sketchbook

HELEN DREW







turn to peaceful political life of some sort. But presumably such non-military sequels to the military imperatives are still a long way off.

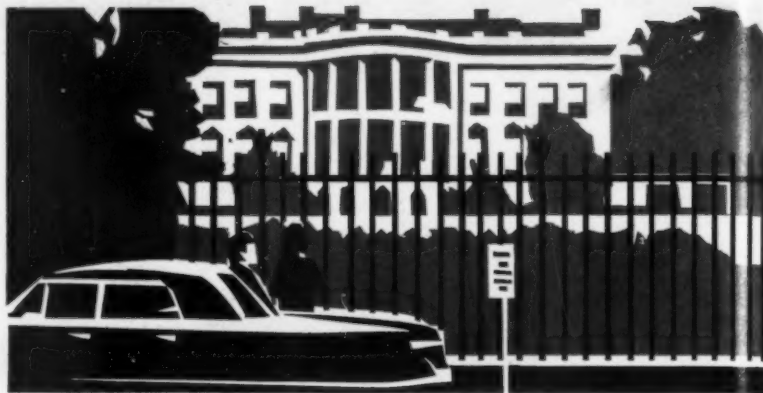
**W**HAT SORT of people are these quarreling Congolese leaders? Speaking in broad generalizations, they are venal in instinct and negative in philosophy. Bereft of constructive ideas, they seem to be anti-everything, including themselves. They lack drive and originality. They tend to go to extremes in everything, including do-nothingism.

Add a sense of fear and the "complexes" that go with inability in high office. In uniform, the Congolese become bullies and racists. Some of the atrocities committed by soldiers for no other motive but tribalism are unmentionable. Even the educated leaders lack the degree of sophistication (found, for instance, in Ghanaians) which enables the African in this difficult generation to take a more positive attitude toward his African-ness. On the whole, the Congolese seem to be a people without faith in themselves, instruction in the ways of the world, or principles.

The leaders, like their followers, lack a national spirit. Congolese parties were invented yesterday; they have not existed long enough for party loyalties to cross tribal lines and help unify the country. There is no middle class of government officials, professionals, or higher-grade business employees whose bonds would outweigh tribal loyalties. The country remains a congeries of different nations.

If independence were being planned for, say, 1970, some of these defects could be remedied by a crash program in education and other training. It is probably too late now. The twelve French-African nations that have agreed to pool their economies and their foreign policies favor partition of the Congo, even if this means that Stanleyville becomes a new Hanoi. They want this in the interests of peace, and to stave off the danger of communization of the whole country. They recommend close economic co-operation among the different states that would be created, or most of them. When the shouting and the tumult dies, the world may well wake up to find that the Congo wants this too.

## AT HOME & ABROAD



### A New Style, a New Tempo

DOUGLASS CATER

**L**AST DECEMBER, while consulting a senior statesman about the selection of a Secretary of State, President-elect Kennedy remarked that he had suddenly discovered he didn't know "the right people." During his campaigning he had, of course, met practically every politician in the country. But as far as picking a cabinet was concerned, his large circle of acquaintances seemed inadequate. The truth of these remarks, made matter-of-factly and with no suggestion of regret, was subsequently borne out when Mr. Kennedy appointed men not previously known to him to several key posts in his administration.

It was not the only handicap he had to overcome in a hurry. There are some who argue that running a legislative office was the worst possible preparation for one who must head the vast Executive establishment. During his fourteen years as congressman and senator, Mr. Kennedy never had more than thirty-five employees on his office payroll. As President, he has more agency heads than that reporting to him, and the Executive Office of the President, at last count, numbered more than twenty-eight hundred.

More significant than its numbers, there has been in recent years a steady build-up in the bureaucratic organi-

zation of the office. Under President Eisenhower particularly, it became a locus of councils and secretariats. Last fall certain Republicans even went so far as to suggest that the Presidency had grown too difficult except for someone—like, for example, Vice-President Nixon—who had served an apprenticeship.

If he has been awed by all this, Mr. Kennedy has not let on. As the youngest elected President following the oldest, he has not hesitated to carry out a bloodless revolution against the elder generations by staffing his office with associates whose average age is even less than his own. It has become an absorbing spectacle in Washington to watch venerable politicians kowtowing to these youthful Presidential assistants, some of them on the sunny side of thirty.

**P**RESIDENT KENNEDY and his staff have brought a new style and tempo to the White House. Under the Eisenhower concept, teamwork was conducted much in the manner of a football game—frequent huddles, great attention to co-ordinating everybody, and interminable periods spent catching breath between plays. The Kennedy concept seems to be more along the lines of basketball. Everybody is on the move all the time. Nobody has a very clearly

defined position. The President may throw the ball in any direction and he expects it to be kept bouncing.

Co-ordination has become merely a minor pastime. The White House morning staff conference, a routine in Mr. Eisenhower's day, has been dispensed with. Much of the co-ordinating machinery attached to the cabinet and the National Security Council has been junked. With obvious pride in the lack of formal organization, one Kennedy aide recently boasted that it would be impossible to draw up an administrative chart for the White House since there is practically no hierarchy. He suggested that perhaps the best way to distinguish the more important members of the staff is to observe who arrives at work in a chauffeured car, who takes guests to dine in the White House mess, and—high in the pecking order—who gets to swim in the pool.

It was not by accident that for several weeks the spacious corner suite once occupied by Sherman Adams went vacant until, in order to relieve the congestion, two Kennedy assistants agreed to share it. It has been made explicitly clear that the job of *The Assistant to the President* no longer exists.

The Kennedy office works very much according to the views expounded by professor Richard E. Neustadt of Columbia, a former Truman aide who has become an adviser on organization for the new President. In *Presidential Power: The Politics of Leadership*, Neustadt argues that the President must wage eternal war to keep from becoming clerk rather than leader in his own office. The latter-day growth of Presidential bureaucracy, which is supposed to lift the burden from the Chief Executive, can actually make him a victim of other people's routines. According to the Neustadt theory, a President must keep his staff small and flexible if he intends to hold power firmly in his own hands.

Mr. Kennedy, as Neustadt readily concedes, did not have to read a book to understand all this. So far he has shown an intuitive grasp of what he must do to keep on top of things. He hasn't hesitated to cut across channels and down through echelons in seeking the information he needs or in communicating his interest in

a particular problem. No bureaucrat can feel entirely safe from a Presidential phone call, no departmental meeting from a sudden Presidential visit. Mr. Kennedy hands out assignments with remarkable facility, frequently picking the man nearest at hand when a problem arises. It does not seem to concern him that his aides may find themselves duplicating or even competing with each other. It is *their* job to recognize and reconcile conflicts, not his.

All this could lead to chaos. But despite its youth, Mr. Kennedy's staff has had experience both in working together and working in the Washington milieu. At least a half dozen of his top assistants—Theodore Sorensen, Ken O'Donnell, Ralph Dungan, Larry O'Brien, Myer Feldman, and Pierre Salinger—have an understanding of their boss based on long and intimate association. By temperament they are not noticeably given to jealous rivalries.

### The Place on Top

Mr. Kennedy's approach to the Presidency was clearly evident in his Executive Order abolishing the Operations Coordinating Board, which had been employed by Mr. Eisenhower to "implement" the work of the National Security Council. In the opinion of its enemies, ocb had become a makework affair, serving to impede rather than implement the conduct of an effective national strategy. While getting rid of the structure, however, Mr. Kennedy took care to retain a senior career official on the ocb staff who had proved himself an effective trouble shooter. "That fellow knows how to spot the scatter rugs on the polished floor of government," a Kennedy aide explained. Under McGeorge Bundy, what remains of the nsc staff will be involved in less routine and hopefully will offer more help to the President. The nsc itself will work more in task forces than as a formal council.

Another way to help the President, it has been proposed, will be to re-establish the State Department's primacy among the government agencies for all international matters. Mr. Kennedy intends the Secretary of State to be his first minister rather than, as Mr. Eisenhower once suggested, designating a new official to bear that title. State Department

representatives will chair the inter-departmental committees and be held responsible for carrying out their mandates.

Mr. Kennedy's advisers admit that this is taking a calculated risk that the traditionally slow-moving State Department bureaucracy can measure up. It also presupposes that the Secretary of State will develop the kind of close relationship with the President that justifies his preferred status. But if it works, they feel, it will cut away some of the governmental superstructure that has grown up around the White House and obscured the President's place on top.

**T**HE PRESIDENT faces a peculiarly subtle problem in determining how to deal with the Vice-President. It is not a question for Mr. Kennedy of asserting his leadership but of finding ways to make proper use of the tremendous and restless energies of Lyndon Johnson. The two men's regard for each other has developed greatly since just before Mr. Kennedy's nomination, when neither considered it likely that Johnson would end up in second place on the ticket. Mr. Kennedy has reason to feel grateful for his running mate's dogged campaign performance.

Even with the best of intentions, however, the Vice-President's lot can be an unhappy one. Boredom being a more debilitating disease than fatigue, the present incumbent may have acquired a new understanding of why it is that almost twice as many Vice-Presidents as Presidents have died of natural causes while in office. For a politician like Johnson, accustomed to standing at the very center of the power struggle as Senate majority leader, the sudden release from pressure must produce symptoms akin to the bends.

President Kennedy is trying to keep Johnson intimately involved in Executive affairs, summoning him to the White House with great regularity and delegating to him the chairmanships of the National Aeronautics and Space Council and the Committee on Government Contracts. The Vice-President will now have a suite of offices in the Executive Office Building, something Nixon never had. In a private letter to Johnson, believed to be unique in Presidential literature, Mr. Ken-

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REPORTER



nedy has set forth his ideas about the Vice-President's place in the scheme of things and has authorized additional assistants to supplement Johnson's meager staff.

But both men realize there are limits to what a President can dispense, particularly when it cuts into his own hegemony. More important to Johnson's status in the Kennedy administration will be the role he can play as all-round expert in Congressional affairs. The challenge is formidable: a *Congressional Quarterly* projection of last year's voting would indicate that most of Mr. Kennedy's major measures lack a clear majority.

It is a delicate business, for Johnson now stands outside the jealous institution he ran so effectively. He is said to recognize that his powers as majority leader, even though created uniquely by him, cannot be transferred to his new office.

### Focused Intensity

Quite clearly, Mr. Kennedy's concept of a personal Presidency requires, first of all, an incumbent who has a wish to stay on top of things. If he is distracted by untidy details or confused by the multiplicity of problems requiring his attention, he could soon be run ragged. So far at least, Mr. Kennedy has shown no signs of strain. On the contrary, he has indicated, after the prolonged ordeal of campaigning, when a single misstep might have meant personal calamity, the rigors of the White House seem comparatively mild.

He appears to be having the same kind of love affair with his job that Roosevelt always had and Truman developed but Eisenhower never felt. It shows itself in matters both large and small. A man who never before paid much attention to where he lived, Mr. Kennedy has been giving meticulous attention to the White House, helping hang naval pictures in the President's study, selecting drapery material for the President's bedroom, and inspecting preparations for a diplomatic reception.

Despite the churn of White House activities, there has been a measured order to the President's own workday. So far the petitioners from Capitol Hill have not been showing up in great numbers. Mr. Kennedy has

been scheduling discussions, of no fixed duration, with each of the committee chairmen who will shape his legislative fate. He held four long conferences with his ambassador to Russia, Llewellyn Thompson, who during his previous Washington visits had always been accustomed to a single twenty-minute audience with Mr. Eisenhower. On the morning of Khrushchev's attack on Dag Hammarskjöld, Mr. Kennedy found time for an unhurried discussion of the school situation in New Orleans with a journalist who had just returned from that city. He turns to each new subject with focused in-



tensity. While he is talking and listening, he has a habit of writing notes to himself that have a way of spurring later actions.

It is still early to measure the real thrust of Presidential actions. In dealing with West German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, Mr. Kennedy was a cordial host who recalled a brief meeting fourteen years earlier that Brentano had evidently forgotten. The President chose to stress West Germany's obligations not to the United States but to the free world. Under no condition, he assured his guest, would U.S. troop commitments be made a bargaining instrument for getting German concessions. It was the soft sell but, some felt, a decidedly skillful one.

Mr. Kennedy has been capable of stiffer tactics with ambassadors from the various departments of his own government in Washington. Without much ado, he ordered the redrafting of a Medical Aid for the Aged bill

prepared by the Health, Education and Welfare Department that had been prematurely disclosed to Congress. There are rumors of reprisals in the offing if enterprising cabinet members and agency heads forget their primary allegiance to the President's program and try to establish separate ententes on the Hill.

**B**UT THESE and his other acts so far are hardly measures of the President's ability to take the initiative. His response to Khrushchev on the Congo, while prompt and forceful, was nonetheless not action but reaction. His pronouncements on the New Orleans situation have undoubtedly helped ease that particular crisis, but it will take other steps to avert the school desegregation crises still in the making.

It is precisely here that Mr. Kennedy's capacity as President may meet its severest test. In junking the cumbersome machinery that never really helped the former President keep ahead of events, he has assumed a responsibility to provide better techniques of his own. He seems to have a canny awareness of this. By the variety of his close advisers, who are by no means of one mind on the critical choices confronting him, and by his apparent willingness to move along several lines of action at the same time, he may be able to avoid the immobility that can be fatal to Presidential power.

In his progression toward the Presidency, one close associate has pointed out, Mr. Kennedy displayed a remarkable capacity for concentrating on the task at hand. When he was in Wisconsin, he gave little thought to the problems of West Virginia. In West Virginia he was not concerned about the convention in Los Angeles. During the fall campaign, he took only the most elementary steps to prepare for the eventuality that he might be elected. He has gotten where he is, the associate argued, by not wasting his time or energy trying to look beyond the next horizon.

Undoubtedly, it was a sensible way for a politician working his way to the top to focus his attention. But a President who means to stay on top of his job had better have a range of vision that goes a great deal farther than the next horizon.

# What That Airline Strike Was All About

STUART H. LOORY

FIRST it was sixteenth-century German workmen in Danzig protesting the invention of a new kind of loom. They hanged its inventor. Then Englishmen rioted against the invention of the flying shuttle and the spinning jenny. And French workmen threw their wooden shoes into high-speed looms, giving the world the term "sabotage."

Last month, 3,500 airline flight engineers laid low the nation's aviation industry for six days at a cost of \$40 million in a wildcat strike to protest the theory that their jobs are obsolete. The engineers' strike issue was not far removed from the fears confronting the Danzig workmen, the Englishmen, and the first saboteurs. The engineers were fighting the view of some that they were technological anachronisms in the jet age.

Specifically, the air-borne mechanics protested a National Mediation Board ruling handed down in January that in effect called them insufficiently trained (because they were not pilots) to handle their jobs on jets operated by United Air Lines. The board told United's engineers to vote with the company's pilots to pick one union to represent all. The engineers saw this as a license for cannibalism because the Air Line Pilots Association outnumbers the Flight Engineers International Association three to one.

Some of the engineers would not even qualify physically to get into the ALPA, which now requires its members to hold pilot ratings. Even if they did get into the union, the engineers would face relegation to the bottom of seniority lists and the loss of their jobs to cram-course-trained junior co-pilots, facing furloughs themselves.

With such grim prospects, the engineers struck mainly to discourage the ALPA from marauding the seven airlines now employing FEIA engineers. Furthermore, the engineers al-

leged that their jobs are essential to the safety and well-being of the aviation industry.

Supporting its ruling, the three-lawyer NMB panel noted that engineers trained as mechanics served a useful if not vital function on large piston-engine airplanes. On those craft, the panel said, engineers made in-flight repairs, worked in close cooperation with ground mechanics, and were generally useful aides to pilots.

On the jets, however, the mechanical duties had all but disappeared in the complex electronic equipment, and the engineers' jobs were now almost indistinguishable from those of the planes' pilots and co-pilots.

CURRENTLY, engineers on seven of the thirteen major American airlines are represented by the FEIA, an AFL-CIO affiliate chartered twelve years ago after the Civil Aeronautics Board, acting in the wake of several air crashes, decreed that planes weighing more than eighty thousand pounds had to have flight engineers in their crews to ensure safety.

In 1948, the newly organized engineers' union sought affiliation with the already well-established Air Line Pilots Association and was turned down. The AFL then granted the engineers an independent charter.

The duties prescribed by the government for flight engineers involved making rigid two-hour pre-flight checks of their planes, ensuring that the planes were fueled properly, overseeing the mechanical operation of the plane, and making in-flight repairs. As qualifications for the job, the Civil Aeronautics Authority (predecessor of the Federal Aviation Agency) required flight engineers to have either previous experience as ground mechanics or as pilots in command of four-engine planes, or else an engineering degree.

Pilots in the early postwar years took little interest in flight engineer-

ing. But in the early 1950's, the whoosh of jet engines became more and more familiar on the airways and the aviation industry announced plans to bring the jets into commercial service. The pilots began to study the possible effects of jet service on their job security.

The ALPA made several studies. Typical was a report by the union's Trans World Airlines unit noting that one jet could do the work of six Martin 404s, so that presumably five crews could be fired if airline business did not increase.

## 'Featherbirding'

Findings such as these impelled the ALPA economic forecasters to search about for some possibilities to ensure job security. Their eyes came to rest on the flight engineer's berth.

The first assault on the engineers came in 1957. The ALPA petitioned the AFL-CIO to revoke the charter of the Flight Engineers International Association. The federation refused. With the failure of this ploy, the ALPA in 1958 tried to win the flight engineer's seat away from the FEIA in contract negotiations with the airlines. The ALPA developed the argument that in jet aircraft the third flight-crew member should have pilot training so that in emergencies he could take over flight duties.

The pilots' union raised frightening possibilities. For example, it claimed, oxygen supplies to two of the three flight crewmen might fail and the engineer would have to take control of the plane, or the two pilots might suffer simultaneous heart attacks, or the flights would be too fatiguing for only two pilots.

Five of the airlines adopted the ALPA view, hired only pilot-qualified engineers (represented by the ALPA), and now fly their jets with three-man crews. United is now in the process of switching to completely pilot-qualified crews. Seven other airlines maintained that engineers with intensive mechanical training in their backgrounds were still necessary. Those airlines paid a big price for their opinion.

The ALPA forced the recalcitrant lines to accept a fourth flight crewman—a pilot—on all jet flights. Charges of featherbedding were made against the ALPA. The union replied publicly that there was a real need

for the third pilot. Privately, union members—and officials—were not so sure. As the third pilot took his expensive seat on commercial flights (jet pilot salaries range up to \$28,000 a year), the appellations "shotgun," "featherbird," and "coco-pilot" were conferred on him. He has, it was found, little to do on domestic flights. Much of his time is spent maintaining radio communications with the ground, a function the co-pilot handles successfully in three-man jet crews and on piston planes.

But most of the third pilots were more than willing to accept the ugly designation and keep their jobs rather than face the prospect of furlough as bigger planes flew fewer flights, enabling the airlines to make do with less personnel. There are now 825 ALPA members on furlough, even with the third-pilot provision in effect on seven air-lines.

**T**HE GROWING pilot-versus-engineer dispute created considerable unrest in the aviation industry. There were several strikes in 1958-1959. Among them, the FEIA struck Eastern Air Lines for thirty-eight days in protest against a company demand that its members obtain pilots' ratings. Meanwhile the ALPA was striking American Airlines for the right to put a third pilot aboard that company's jets. Both unions won.

In 1959, the ALPA went to the National Mediation Board, the agency set up to handle jurisdictional disputes under the Railway Labor Act (which also controls airway labor matters), and asked that it be named the single bargaining agent for all flight-crew personnel at United. Instead of hearing the case itself, the NMB impaneled three lawyers under a never-before-used provision of the act.

In the strictest sense, the panel's ruling requiring a single bargaining agent for flight crewmen on United would not be applicable to other lines on which engineers are represented by the FEIA. The United situation is unique in that its engineers must have pilot training.

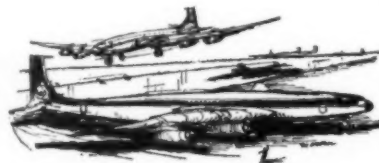
"There is no direct precedent in our decision for the pilots to follow on other lines," said J. Glenn Donaldson, the panel's chairman, "but it may have some informal effect."

The informal effect is precisely

what the engineers feared in staging their walkout, which defied a Presidential cooling-off-period order. The engineers marshal an impressive array of arguments for their presence in jet cockpits. "Flight engineering is my career," said Lance D. Hughes, forty, a Pan American crewman since 1942. "I have no ambition to become a pilot. My mind is on the plane's equipment all the time. I think of myself as a specialist, not as a general practitioner as the pilots like to think."

Mr. Hughes and his professional colleagues (whose yearly earnings range up to \$14,000) claim that only mechanically trained engineers have an enduring interest in their planes' equipment rather than in flying. Pilots working as engineers, they say, learn only the minimum amount necessary to obtain their flight engineer's certificate from the Federal Aviation Agency and then do only a minimum amount of engineering work on flights, spending most of their time watching the captain and co-pilot fly the plane.

On the jets, the flight engineer's job is not as rigorous as it was on the piston planes. For example, fuel consumption is computed automatically and the engineer need only read control-panel instruments rather than make involved computations. The



pilots operate the engine throttles, relieving the engineer of the duty of making fine adjustments. And in-flight repairs, because of the complexity and speed of the \$5-million planes, are almost impossible to make.

These are the key facts the pilots use to validate their claim to the engineer's seat. But Mr. Hughes and his union argue that men of his training are still necessary on board. "I feel I'm being paid not for what I do but for what I know," the veteran engineer said.

The FAA's description of a flight engineer's minimum duties involves only the pre-flight check of the plane and the rendering of assistance in the mechanical realm to the plane's

captain. On the piston planes, this involved the fine-tuning of the engines in flight, keeping the fuel-consumption log, and a "how-goes-it" report on the equipment's operation.

The FAA stayed scrupulously clear of the NMB hearings. Mr. Donaldson said that the panel asked the FAA for answers to questions relating to the air-safety aspects of the panel's deliberations and that the FAA declined to answer.

But Oscar Bakke, director of the FAA's Flight Safety Standards Bureau, said he has no recollection of the questions. "As a matter of fact, they came to see me in my office and I had a long discussion with them," Mr. Bakke said. "I don't recall refusing them any information."

Privately, some FAA men admit the agency does not want to become embroiled in labor disputes. But Mr. Donaldson said that FAA help would have been useful in resolving the issues, noting there was a hesitancy on the part of the lawyers to resolve a problem that could have ramifications affecting the safety of the flying public.

**M**EANWHILE, the dispute over who should sit in the engineer's seat is still unsettled. The engineers returned to work only after Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg intervened and devised an extralegal Presidential Board of Inquiry to look into all the issues raised by the strike. The Presidential board can do nothing to overturn the NMB panel's decision, which is appealable only in the courts.

The board's findings should, to be reasonable, consider the technological future of the aviation industry in which air liners will fly at speeds of 4,000 miles an hour between fifty and a hundred miles above the earth.

Under those conditions, planes will probably fly courses prearranged by automatic computers on the ground, obviating the need for all crewmen as they are known today. The NMB panel noted: "That the crew function eventually may be only to monitor and adjust to conditions is not beyond the realm of possibility."

It is not unlikely that these future crews will be descended from today's flight engineers and not from the pilots. What will the pilots do then?



# Can Nasser Hold Syria?

HARRY B. ELLIS

BEIRUT  
**R**ETURNING from the United Nations General Assembly in New York last fall, President Gamal Abdel Nasser paused only briefly in Egypt before hurrying up to Syria for a tour of the Northern Region of his United Arab Republic. Upon arrival he predicted that the "imperialist" press would claim he had come to Syria because of unrest there, whereas in fact he was making the trip because he longed to be among the people of Syria. The western press promptly fulfilled his prediction, but there has been no evidence to suggest that he succeeded in mollifying Syrian disaffection. On the contrary, there are signs that it has become Nasser's most urgent domestic problem.

Two major factors have contributed to this discontent: a severe crisis in the nation's economy and continued political agitation and conspiracy. The drought that has afflicted Syria since 1958, along with the rest of the Middle East, has had a devastating effect. Normally Syria depends on wheat, and to a lesser extent on barley, as major export crops. In 1957 the wheat crop totaled 1,354,000 tons. In 1958 it fell to 562,000 tons, and in 1959 to 400,000 tons. In 1960, the Syrians may have produced no more than 200,000 tons, or little more than a quarter of what the region needs for internal consumption.

Through sales and gifts of American surplus grains under the Public Law 480 program, the United States has made up a great part of this deficit, and has plowed back most of the Syrian funds thus received into the Syrian economy. But such aid is alleviation rather than cure. The drought has continued, and so has the downward spiral of the economy. Without cash income, farmers cannot buy consumer goods and farm equipment; merchants have cut down sharply on inventories; and more money has been lost to circulation by an elusive but nonetheless real flight of capital.

The effects of the drought are

compounded by the failure of Syrian land reform, decreed by Nasser in 1958, the first year of the new republic. By necessity most of Syria's land is dry-farmed, depending on rainfall for moisture, and for this reason it has traditionally been most productive under landlords who could afford to mechanize and farm huge tracts as a unified whole. Breaking up the vast estates into small peasant-owned tracts may have had social justification, but it destroyed the smooth co-ordination of planting, fertilizing, harvesting, and marketing that the landlords had directed. As the use and production of the land declined, so did Nasser's popularity with the Syrian landowners, who were among the first to send their capital out of the country.

## Nasser's Scapegoat

A major reason for Syria's political unrest centers on Nasser's relations with the Ba'ath Party, or Arab Socialist Resurrection Party, to give it its full name. At the beginning of 1958, Ba'ath leaders, notably Akram Hourani and Salah Bitar, had urged Nasser to accept a merger of Egypt and Syria, warning that the likely alternative was a take-over in Syria by the Communists (a Communist was already chief of staff of the Syrian Army). Though Nasser felt the step was premature, he finally agreed, and the United Arab Republic was born on February 1, 1958.

Ba'ath leaders were immediately given important political plums. Akram Hourani became a vice-president of the U.A.R. central cabinet in Cairo and later U.A.R. minister of justice. Salah Bitar, Syrian foreign minister before the merger, was named minister of state in the central cabinet, while four other Ba'athists and two pro-Ba'athists won seats on the Syrian executive council. (The U.A.R. is governed by a central cabinet in Cairo and separate executive councils in each region.)

Within a year, however, disillusionment had set in between Nasser and the Ba'ath, resulting in part from the party's contention that a

step toward Arab unity must be followed by a step toward socialism. Thus Syria's Agrarian Reform Law, enacted September 27, 1958, was in large measure a Ba'ath creation. Had the program succeeded, the party's demise might have been delayed. Its failure presented Nasser with a convenient scapegoat.

**I**T WAS only a matter of time before Nasser found a way to pin the blame for Syria's troubles on the Ba'ath. Early in 1959, Cairo announced that elections to the U.A.R. National Union, the republic's monolithic political organization, would be held in both regions in July. Syrian opponents of the Ba'ath, supported by Lieutenant Colonel Abdul Hamid Serraj, Syrian minister of interior, closed ranks in preparation for the elections. Both Nasser and Serraj were convinced that the blatant nepotism practiced by Ba'ath officials since the merger, coupled with Syria's general economic decline, had roused strong public resentment against the party. Acting on this assumption, President Nasser decreed that no legitimate candidate for election could be disqualified, and Serraj saw to it that the president's instructions were carried out. With local party cells immobilized and unable either to limit or pack election slates, the vote proved a crushing defeat for the Ba'ath, which won less than a hundred out of 9,445 seats throughout Syria.

For the moment at least, Ba'ath political power in Syria had been broken. By the beginning of 1960, no Ba'athist remained in the U.A.R. cabinet structure or in the Syrian executive council. The embittered Akram Hourani returned from Cairo to Damascus, where he lives today under surveillance. Bitar also moved back to Damascus. Michel Aflaq, the behind-the-scenes theoretician of the party, slipped across the Syrian border into Lebanon, where he continues to direct Ba'ath policy in the Middle East. Abdullah Rimawi, a Jordanian Ba'athist expelled from the party for his loyalty to Nasser, works for him in Syria, trying to organize a "counter-Ba'ath" party among young Syrian Ba'athists.

Another source of political unrest can be found in the Syrian Army. Ever since Egyptian officers

began taking over key commands, particularly along the sensitive Syrian-Iraqi frontier. Syrian officers have chafed at their own subordination. Informed Egyptian sources have disclosed that at least one incipient mutiny by a Syrian unit has had to be put down, and Syrians claim there have been fist fights between Syrian and Egyptian officers in officers' clubs. Even more serious is the Egyptians' knowledge, gained through interrogation of Syrian military men, that certain Syrian officers have been in contact with King Hussein of Jordan, currently Nasser's archenemy in the Middle East. According to these disclosures, early last fall King Hussein received assurances from some Syrian officers stationed along the Israeli front that their units would not oppose Hussein's entry into Syria.

Finally there are the Syrian Communists. Weakened and ineffective since President Nasser cracked down on them at the end of 1958, they are ready to begin new agitation among Syrian students and trade unionists should the Ba'ath and Syrian Army officers create the required conditions. For the moment they seem to be biding their time. Their leader, Khaled Bakdash, has retired discreetly to Eastern Europe, where he presumably awaits a call to duty. Moscow itself continues to seek direct government-to-government relations with the U.A.R., extending economic and military aid to both Egypt and Syria. Under these conditions the Soviets appear to be leaving the Syrian Communists strictly on their own, free to explore soft spots, but without any visible direction from Moscow.

#### **A Tough Cop Named Serraj**

The mounting pressures could not be ignored. Nasser had survived the failure of his abortive attempts to upset President Bourguiba of Tunisia and King Hussein of Jordan, as well as his setback by Premier Kassem in the struggle for Iraq. But the loss of Syria through revolt, or even the visible evidence of dissatisfaction, would indicate to the world that he could not control the Arabs within his own domain. This the U.A.R. president could not tolerate.

A complete reassessment of the union and its prospects was called

for, and last August Nasser quietly appointed a three-man committee to study the problem. Composed of Vice-President Abdel Hakim Amer, U.A.R. Interior Minister Zakaria Mohieddin, and Nasser's long-time adviser on Syria, Mahmoud Riad, the committee had scarcely been formed when it began to get reports of a Ba'athist plot to be launched in Syria sometime in October.

The alleged plot was to include anti-U.A.R. demonstrations by school students in Damascus and other cities, a general strike by labor unions, a shutdown of small shops, strikes of Syrian government workers, and a kind of sitdown strike by Syrian Army officers, possibly accompanied by forcible removal of Egyptian officers from Syrian commands.

Alarmed, the committee recommended to Nasser that Syria be promised a drastic alteration of the U.A.R. structure by February, 1961; that labor-union grievances be met, if possible; and that Egyptian officers be removed from Syrian combat commands. But such steps take time, and Nasser was no longer sure he could afford to wait. In September, a few weeks before the threatened insurrection, Nasser appointed Colonel Serraj, his staunchest Syrian ally against the Ba'ath, as chairman of the Syrian executive council. Serraj also retained his jobs as minister of interior and of state.

Fearful and disliked by most Syrians, Colonel Serraj has no personal following in the country. But he is a tough policeman who keeps the police and army security forces under tight control. Armed with still greater powers, Serraj moved swiftly, arresting a number of Ba'athists and issuing blunt warnings to parents and teachers to keep the students under control. October passed without incident, and the immediate crisis appeared to have been averted.

More important, Serraj's emergence as top man in Syria meant the failure of Egyptian overlordship in Syria. It brought to an abrupt end the effectiveness of Vice-President Amer's mission to Damascus. As one of Nasser's most trusted associates, the Egyptian field marshal had been sent to Syria in October, 1959, with sweeping powers to govern the North-ern Region and to report back di-

rectly to Nasser on the trend of events. For a time he built up a reservoir of personal good will by his affability and earnestness. He even opened a complaints office, designed to give Syrians a means to air their grievances. But the dissident factions were unimpressed, and to make matters worse Amer soon incurred the enmity of Serraj. At one point he reportedly stormed back to Cairo and told Nasser he would not return to Syria unless Serraj was ousted. This was impossible, for when it came to a choice, Serraj could control Syria if anyone could, and Amer could not. Though the field marshal still bears the title of vice-president in charge of Syria, he is not expected to remain in Damascus much longer.

#### **Hussein Talks Back**

As 1960 ended, a new solution was being considered by President Nasser and his close associates. If Syrian tensions were to be eased, the country must be given a greater degree of independence and more control over its own affairs. The problem was how to bring this about without loss of face. The proposed solution was to add a third country to the U.A.R., thus transforming the union into a looser federation in which each country would be responsible for its internal affairs, while Nasser would remain president of the federal structure. The "Egyptianization" of Syria would thus be ended, Syrian resentment and unrest dissipated, and Nasser advanced one more step toward leadership of all the Arabs.

The latest round of propaganda warfare between President Nasser and King Hussein can probably be traced directly to this proposal. For Nasser, the little kingdom of Jordan is the favored candidate for membership in his enlarged federation; but Hussein has shown a notable reluctance to co-operate. In the spring of 1957, when pro-Nasser Jordanians in the army and government tried to force Jordan into federation with Egypt and Syria, they were foiled largely by the king's resolution and the loyalty of his tough Bedouin soldiers. Since then relations between Jordan and Egypt have fluctuated from crisis to crisis: diplomatic relations were broken off at one point and a permanent United Nations representative has

been stationed in Amman to keep watch over relations between Jordan and the U.A.R.

In August, 1960, the two nations had no sooner resumed diplomatic relations and restored comparative calm when two bombs exploded in Amman, killing the Jordanian premier, Hazza Majali, and eleven other Jordanians. Convinced that the bombs had been intended to kill him also, King Hussein publicly accused the U.A.R. and charged Nasser with prior knowledge of the attempt. Nasser's reply was an invitation to the Jordanian people to overthrow their king. Although the radio war between Amman and Cairo has recently stopped, it is hard to ascribe the virulence of Nasser's attacks on Hussein to any motive other than a desire to eliminate him once and for all.

Nasser and his top advisers apparently believed that any Jordanian government that replaced the king would be friendly toward Cairo, perhaps even to the extent of federation with the U.A.R. But in this

assumption Nasser apparently disregarded two factors—the probability that the Israeli Army would advance to the River Jordan should anything happen to Hussein, and the fierce loyalty of Hussein's Bedouin troops, who might well prevent any Jordan government from entering into close relationship with the avowed enemy of their beloved king.

King Hussein's response to this latest challenge was spirited. Apart from his contacts with Syrian officers and his massing of troops on the Syrian frontier after Majali's assassination, Hussein relied chiefly on Amman Radio, which kept reminding the Syrians of the "colonization" of their country.

The very fact that President Nasser pressed his attack as long as he did, even at the risk of exploding a still greater crisis in the Middle East, is a measure of his desperation. Colonel Serraj cannot control Syrian unrest indefinitely; and if Nasser is prepared to offer concessions to his junior partners in the north, he must find a way to offer them soon. ☞

## The Many Sides Of British Unilateralism

HEDLEY BULL

LONDON  
**T**HE MOVEMENT for unilateral nuclear disarmament is stronger in Britain than in any other western country. Last October, it captured the support of the annual conference of the Labour Party. It includes in its ranks not only the hard core of the Labour Left but also some Liberals and Conservatives of long standing, such eminent figures as E. M. Forster, J. B. Priestley, and Bertrand Russell, at least four bishops of the Church of England, and six peers of the realm.

Only a small proportion of the British unilateralists are pure pacifists. Many of them favor the retention of conventional armaments, and a few, like the Oxford historian A. J. P. Taylor, even favor conventional rearmament. Their protest concerns only nuclear armaments,

and on this subject two propositions unite them. The first is that Britain should renounce, unilaterally and unconditionally, the possession and use of nuclear weapons. The second is that Britain should withdraw from any alliance that relies on the possession or use of these weapons: that is, from NATO.

How they came to add the second of these propositions to the first deserves some comment. The unilateralist movement got under way in 1957 and the campaign itself was launched in 1958. At that time the military and economic feasibility of an independent British nuclear deterrent was not doubted in Britain in any quarter. The famous White Paper published by Defence Minister Duncan Sandys in 1957 had expressed great confidence in its future. The unilateralists did not question

the assumption that the British force could continue to deter Russia, or that Britain was capable of shouldering the economic burden that this entailed. They demanded renunciation of the policy of nuclear deterrence either on the ground that it was morally wrong or on the ground that it did not add to the security of the United Kingdom but detracted from it.

In 1960, however, the British government abandoned development of the Blue Streak missile, on which the future of the British deterrent had been held to rest. On all sides it came to be questioned whether Britain was any longer capable of maintaining an independent deterrent or the economic effort involved in attempting to do so. The idea that Britain should abandon its independent nuclear force gained wide support among people who were fully conscious of the need for an American deterrent and for Britain's continued participation in NATO. This idea was adopted openly by the right-wing leadership of the Labour Party, and was implicit in the policy proclaimed by the government itself of equipping the British strategic nuclear force of the future with a missile purchased from America (the Skybolt). The unilateralists now found that the ground had been cut from under their feet. The policy that they had made their own at a time when military and economic arguments did not point to it was now one for which sound military and economic reasons were being given by the Establishment itself. Much of the emotional attractiveness of the idea of renunciation of the bomb had lain precisely in the absence of any military or economic justification for it.

**N**OR WAS THIS ALL. Abandonment of the British deterrent would not render Britain any less dependent on nuclear weapons for its security. The American nuclear umbrella remained the chief guarantee of Britain's independence; the presence or absence of a supplementary British force does not alter this fact. The moral stigma of dependence on the bomb would therefore not be removed by the scrapping of the British force. Those outside the unilateralist movement who favored the latter



course frankly accepted Britain's continued dependence on the American deterrent. But they also held that Britain, as well as sharing the benefits of alliance with America, should continue to share its burdens and risks by maintaining Britain's contribution to the limited-war strength of NATO and by continuing to accept American bomber and missile bases on its territory. While the unilateralists demanded only the renunciation of Britain's bomb, they were open to the charge that they were prepared to enjoy the protection of America's bomb while shirking the risks that America took on their behalf. The only way in which the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament could attain a morally consistent position, and a politically distinct one, was by adopting withdrawal from NATO as part of its platform and ridding itself entirely of the taint of the bomb.

At Eastertime in 1958, the unilateralists staged a fifty-four-mile march from London to the atomic weapons establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire. Each succeeding Easter they have marched in the reverse direction, finishing up with a mass rally in Trafalgar Square. They are united only by faith in a British gesture of renunciation. The majority of them are not interested in the detailed arguments by which a few of their number attempt to justify such a gesture. They regard arguments to the contrary as malevolently inspired sophistry.

The emotions on which they thrive are fear of nuclear war and moral guilt about it: feelings that are (or should be) present in all civilized men. But the marching and shouting of the unilateralists also expresses a sense of impotence. The nuclear age exists, and the clock cannot be put back. What they appear to be saying is, "Nuclear weapons do not exist!" The hysteria sometimes noticeable in their protests derives from a half-realization that the problem cannot thus be willed away. Perhaps the protest is brave; perhaps it is only pathetic.

#### Isolationism Again

Anxiety about nuclear war, however, is rife in all countries, and it does not account for the special strength of the unilateralists in Britain. This

arises in part from elements of British political life that are not intrinsically connected with protest against nuclear war and that would find some other outlet if this one did not exist.

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is the inheritor of the radical tradition of dissent from British foreign policy. It draws support from those who enjoy dissent for its own sake, and who derive satisfaction from contrasting the guilt of the government with their own innocence. One section of the unilateralists comprises those middle-aged socialists who are hungry for the slogans of the Spanish Civil War, the simple moral contrasts of Left and Right, right and wrong, in terms of which they thought about politics in the 1930's. They see the unilateralists' movement as something that will restore to the Labour Party the moral enthusiasm and heroic spirit of its early days, the absence of which at present they regard as the cause of Labour's three successive electoral defeats.

The campaign is also one of the many expressions in British political life of the desire that Britain should play once again an independent role on the center of the world's political stage—a role that has been lost in recent years, when Britain has been more or less understudying the part of the United States. This ambition is as marked on the extreme Right of British politics as it is on the extreme Left, and it would be wrong to suggest that the movement for nuclear disarmament is the only movement in which it reposes.

It is ironic that the British nuclear deterrent, which the unilateralists hope to remove, was itself originally conceived (by the Attlee government) chiefly for the very same purpose of providing independence of the United States. For some of the British unilateralists, the word "unilateral" is more important than the word "disarmament." They see Britain assuming the moral leadership of the world, and by its act of renunciation shaming the rest of the world into following in its footsteps. They support Britain's withdrawal from NATO not only as something made necessary by the alliance's association with nuclear weapons but as valuable in itself. And they cherish

visions of Britain as the leader of a third force of neutral nations. Frank Cousins, the powerful leader of the Transport and General Workers Union, declared at the Labour Party conference: "If the mad groups in the world want to have a go at each other, let us have no part of them."

There is much in the new British neutralism that savors of the old American isolationism. Just as in the nineteenth century it was the power and the friendly disposition of the Royal Navy that provided the shield behind which Americans could pursue isolation and congratulate themselves upon their innocence of world politics, so at the present time it is the American deterrent that provides the context in which it is possible for a vocal minority of Britons to toy with the idea of neutrality.

**T**his is the crux of the matter. The strength of the unilateralists in Britain arises primarily from the fact that so long as the demand for unilateral disarmament is addressed only to Britain, it does not seem obviously disastrous. Britain's renunciation of the bomb is sometimes seen as a means whereby Britain alone can achieve security in a world beyond redemption. It is sometimes seen as a way of prodding America and Russia toward agreed nuclear disarmament. But the British unilateralists have not yet committed themselves to the idea that America should abandon nuclear weapons while Russia retains them. Were this to become the basis of their policy, it would lose all the plausibility that now gives the movement strength. If unilateral disarmament is to be understood as unilateral *American* disarmament, then it is a policy of surrender and cannot attract a significant following in Britain any more than it can in the United States itself.

By demanding withdrawal from NATO, the unilateralists do not escape the dilemma that only America's nuclear strength makes their proposals plausible. It is true that countries like Sweden and Switzerland manage to remain independent without joining NATO. Britain might do the same if it were to join them; though if it did, it would have to increase armaments expenditure and would have greater need of a British nuclear

force than it has now, a point the unilateralists are prone to ignore. But in the long run, the security of the European neutrals is just as dependent on America's continued maintenance of the balance of power as is that of the European members of NATO.

The strength of feeling in the Labour Party in favor of disarmament is attested by the fact that only in terms of disarmament are the party's leaders able to make their policy of nuclear defense and alliances attractive to their following. Grouped around Hugh Gaitskell, George Brown, and Denis Healey, the right wing of the party is engaged in a determined counterattack to reverse the unilateralist decision of the last party conference. In this campaign they refer to themselves as "multilateralists": those who prefer internationally agreed disarmament to one-sided gestures. Like the unilateralists themselves, they are in favor of multilateral disarmament. Who isn't? But the policy that differentiates them from the unilateralists is their belief in NATO and nuclear defense; and this they are able to make palatable only by presenting it as an approach to disarmament.

IT WOULD BE WRONG to suppose that the unilateralist movement, colorful as it is, has made a deep impression on British public life or is likely to gain control of British policy. The latter it can never do, as it does not embody any coherent military policy but only vague, negative aims, closer definition of which must produce disagreement within the movement. The aims of the movement are likely to change as the strategic situation changes. If, for example, the United States finds it convenient to withdraw its nuclear bases from British soil, more ground will have been cut from under the unilateralists' feet. Even their grip on the Labour Party has an uncertain future. Labour's internal struggle over nuclear disarmament is difficult to disentangle from two other struggles going on within the movement: one over Mr. Gaitskell's leadership and the other over the party's socialist objectives. The success the unilateralists have had so far arises in part from a fortuitous conjunction of these disputes.

## 'A Little Extra Push'

MAYA PINES

A CITY like New York is full of children for whom school and home are equally bleak; their world is a narrow, overcrowded, and dangerous place, at times confined to a radius of a couple of blocks, with little to nourish the imagination and no one to pay much attention to them. A city like New York is also full of women whose children have grown up or are away at school, of young wives without children, of retired people who still want to be useful. More and more during the past four years, these two groups have been getting together.

Through the School Volunteer program, sponsored by the Public Education Association and the New

York City Board of Education, several hundred adults have gone into the city's elementary and junior high schools to give more than a thousand children the sort of direct and undivided attention for which their teachers rarely have time. Each volunteer gives at least one half-day a week to helping students with personal matters as well as various academic subjects; most important of all, the volunteers also impart their own knowledge that while the world is infinitely varied, each child is unique and infinitely important. To the children involved, this satisfaction of a craving for personal atten-

tion often means the difference between keeping up with their classes and drifting into delinquency; between believing that the adult world is full of enemies and realizing that some people want to help them, that many paths lie open to them if they choose.

Mrs. William B. Nichols, one of twenty-four volunteers at P.S. 158, at York Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street, helps children in primary grades with their reading. On a recent Thursday morning Mrs. Nichols was at her post, a small desk in a large room on the fourth floor. A bushy-haired youngster sat next to her, reading haltingly from a book called *Cowboy Andy*. As he stumbled on some words, Mrs. Nichols gently drilled him from lists she had prepared on index cards. A bell tinkled the warning that their forty-five minutes were nearly up, and the boy quickly turned the page to see how much of the book was left. "It's almost the last page!" he gasped. He hurried on with his reading. Other children at neighboring desks got up and left the room, but when Mrs. Nichols suggested he stop if he wanted to, the youngster said excitedly, "No, I want to finish." He read a few minutes more, and suddenly it was all over. His eyes glowing, he shouted, "I've read the whole book!" Mrs. Nichols congratulated him. "Do you want to take the book home and show your mother?" The boy nodded eagerly.

Only three months ago, Mrs. Nichols explained, the child couldn't get through a single sentence. "He was held back a year in school because of it. But now he can read whole paragraphs. This is more exciting than any other volunteer work I've ever done."

### 'Spread Yourself! Use It All!'

Just as the reading program tries to make children understand that books are an important and enjoyable part of daily life, the volunteers' art program tries to make each child aware of the forms around him and of his own artistic feelings. Two



York City Board of Education, several hundred adults have gone into the city's elementary and junior high schools to give more than a thousand children the sort of direct and undivided attention for which their teachers rarely have time. Each volunteer gives at least one half-day a week to helping students with personal matters as well as various academic subjects; most important of all, the volunteers also impart their own knowledge that while the world is infinitely varied, each child is unique and infinitely important. To the children involved, this satisfaction of a craving for personal atten-

painters, a commercial artist, an illustrator of children's books, a fabric designer, a sculptor, and eight non-professionals take part in the program.

Mrs. Mary Sklar is very popular with the students at P.S. 157, an old building at St. Nicholas Avenue and 126th Street in Harlem. Slim, gray-haired, and attractive, she is a painter and writer as well as the mother of two children in private schools. To reach her group, one goes past some smelly washrooms to a large kindergarten room with low desks. In a corner stands a toy crib with two beat-up dolls, one white and one colored, lying side by side.

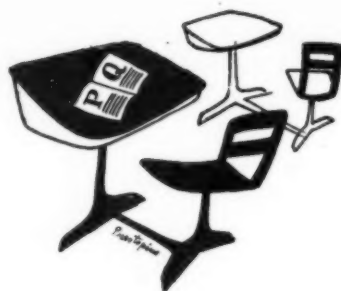
After wiping some purple paint off the lower lip of an impish-looking boy, one of several children leaning over a table covered with newspapers and helping themselves to large paper cups full of paint, Mrs. Sklar turned to a taller boy who was standing before an easel. She inspected his work: a man with a red eye, smoking a thick cigar. "Is he outside or inside?" she asked. "Outside," he replied. "Well, how can you show me that he is outside?" The boy went to fetch some blue paint for clouds. The blue dripped onto some yellow, forming green, and he played around with that for a while.

"It's wonderful how sometimes, when you've made a mistake, it leads you on to something new and lovely," said Mrs. Sklar appreciatively. "Now you've discovered that greens are unlimited—there are all kinds of greens—and you've got a nice sense of the difference between yellows and greens. See these yellow drops? They're so yellow that your green becomes more positive." The boy said nothing but seemed pleased.

Moving on, Mrs. Sklar looked at a row of flowers painted by a little girl. The flowers formed a narrow frieze across the bottom of her sheet of paper. They were all the same size and the same color.

"Now look, you've got a great, whole piece of paper," she told the child. "You don't need to use just a piece of it, or a corner of it. Spread yourself! Use it all!"

"Last year," said Mrs. Sklar, "I had a child to whom you couldn't talk, who wouldn't talk to you, and who only made frames—she just drew lines around the edges of her paper.



Then I took the whole group on a trip to the Museum of Primitive Art for a show of West Sudan culture. There were beautiful ivories and golds, and heads of antelopes, all different. We examined them to see how many different ways one could express a single subject, and talked about how each way was interesting, each one an invention and the property of a single human being. For weeks afterward the children painted things related to that trip, and the little girl I was telling you about did four pictures about the sculptures she'd seen."

#### **'My Brother Eats Books'**

Besides arousing the children's interest in reading and art, volunteers are doing scores of other important jobs in fifteen schools. Some work right in the classroom, helping individual children over hurdles in arithmetic or English while the teacher is busy with the rest of the class. Some do classroom chores, such as sorting filmstrips, to give the overburdened teachers more time with their classes. Those who speak Spanish have proved invaluable in easing the transition for newly arrived Puerto Rican youngsters, answering all their questions and being their special friends. Some do clerical work in the school volunteers' office at 125 West Fifty-fourth Street, where new volunteers are interviewed and given basic training for their work in the schools. Others with special skills teach creative-writing classes, help coach plays, or give concerts. A retired architect works at home to make unusual posters or charts that teachers may need, such as posters with oversize type for children in a sight-conservation class.

One of the most rewarding volunteer jobs is library work. Living in homes devoid of books, magazines, and even newspapers, many of the

city's elementary-school children never hold a book except for the readers from which they are taught in school. And trying to teach children whose reading skills range from second- to sixth-grade levels out of the same book often seems "like trying to make every child in the fifth grade wear the same sized clothes," as one teacher put it. Although every school has library books, the budget does not provide for librarians in each one. So volunteers have set up libraries, cataloguing, indexing, and arranging the books on shelves. They have also contributed books of their own and gathered more books from every possible source to start circulating collections; they also help the children, many of whom have never dared go into a public library, to select what is suitable for them. Encouraged to take a book home, one pigtailed girl sadly shook her head. "My mother won't let me take any books home," she said, "because my little brother eats them." The volunteer in charge of the library persuaded her to take it anyway.

The volunteers always find out a child's own interests first. A story about antique treasures discovered in an attic on Cape Cod, for instance, may be thoroughly boring to underprivileged Negro or Puerto Rican children, since antiques, attics, and Cape Cod are outside their experiences. On the other hand, they find stories about Negro heroes and heroines extremely satisfying. And fantasy is always popular, though sometimes for very sad reasons. One little girl told a volunteer that she wanted only make-believe stories, "because the real is so awful."

"These kids suffer from a total lack of good literature," said a volunteer sorting books at P.S. 158, meaning not the classics, but just good English. "Yet they respond wonderfully to beautiful things. We try to get them early."

#### **Of Bugs and Flowers**

How do the teachers feel about all this? "Frankly, I was very skeptical at first," a third-grade teacher at P.S. 158 has confessed. "I just felt, how can anybody in one or two hours a week make these children advance much? And yet in two months I have seen a vast improvement. I have twenty-four children in my class. I



## VIEWS & REVIEWS

# The Book

GEORGE STEINER

can't give them the concentrated individual attention they get from the volunteers. For instance, the volunteers found out that this little fellow in the second row loves bugs. You see, today he came down from his session with this book, *The Insect World*, and for ten minutes between classes he was looking it over. It's his own project, and it makes him realize that books are interesting."

When the New York Reading Growth test was given to thirty-five of the children in the program after six months of work, three children had improved as fast as their classes for the first time in their lives; eleven showed a gain of one year; twelve gained more than a year; seven gained two years; and one child actually gained three and a half years in the six-month period.

Children who show improvement after a year of work with the volunteers are replaced by a new group. "Some of them cry, they're so disappointed to learn they can't continue," said a sixth-grade teacher. "It's their only opportunity to get help on a one-to-one basis." A few children who were extremely shy changed visibly after their reading improved, she went on. "We know something has happened. You see an awakening. And when a youngster does wake up, he opens up like a flower."

This is the compelling force that keeps the volunteers coming regularly twice a week, week after week. One woman drives in from Westchester to work with the children. "There's no committee work here," one volunteer told me; "it's all sheer joy." "This is the most rewarding work I've ever done," added another. For some women it offers the happy discovery that "even an untrained person can be of great help."

According to Miss T. Margaret Jamer, director of the program, "What the volunteers do is similar to the kind of thing being done at the New York Foundling Hospital, where women come to fondle babies and sing to them, to make them thrive again. Obviously schoolchildren are not babies, but they, too, need a little extra push. It's especially important in schools where the parents are not available most of the time because they work. No city is rich enough to pay for this kind of attention."

THE LONG, intricate communion between the English language and the Bible continues. It began a thousand years ago. About 950, the priest Aldred wrote an Anglo-Saxon paraphrase, in Northumbrian dialect, between the lines of the Latin text of the great Lindisfarne Gospels—a sumptuous manuscript written about 700. This is the first fragment of English translation to have come down to us. In the late tenth century, there appeared in Wessex the first independent version of the Gospels in English. One hears, in this rough assay, something of the cadence that was to mold the language: "Nu ic asende mine aengel beforan thinre ansyne." By the year 1000, Aelfric,



Archbishop of Canterbury, had translated a considerable part of the Old Testament.

The Norman Conquest brought further progress to a sharp halt. Not until about 1250 does the story take up again, and then only with the Psalter. But in the first half of the fourteenth century, in a prose Psalter attributed to one Richard Rolle, we take a leap forward: "Have mercy of me, God, for man trad me, al day the fyghtygne troublede me . . . In God I schal prevre my wordes, in God I hopede." The language was now at the threshold of the necessary eloquence.

In 1382-1383, John Wycliffe completed his rendering of the Bible into English. The text used was, by modern standards, corrupt, being a late unscholarly version of the Vulgate. Moreover, there were glaring discrepancies in style between the work of Wycliffe and that of his collaborators. But the revised Wycliffe Bible of 1400 is the first of our great English Scriptures. For all its archaicism, we can turn to it with a sense of recognition. Here is a passage from Isaiah (35:5-6): "Thanne the iyen of blynde men schulen be openyd, and the eeris of deaf men schulen be opyn. Thanne a crokid man schal skippe as an hert, and the tunge of doumbe men schal be openyd; for whi watris ben brokun out in desert, and stremes in wildirnesse." The Authorized Version will make one superb improvement: "and the tongue of the dumb sing." But when it replaces a crooked man skipping by a lame man leaping, the advantage seems to me to lie with Wycliffe.

BETWEEN Wycliffe and the Bible of 1611 lie the invention of printing and the genius of one man who, more than any other, put his mark on the development of English. Between 1454 and 1500, some 125 editions of the Latin Vulgate were issued from diverse presses. A century after Wycliffe had set down his text, much of it was available in print in Caxton's *Golden Legend* (1483). And in 1516, Erasmus of Rotterdam called for the right of private individuals to read Scripture in their own common language: "I wish that the plowman might sing parts of them at his plow and the weaver at his shuttle, and that the traveler might beguile with their narration the weariness of his way." For those who spoke English, William Tyndale

was to make this possible. Working under extreme peril and the harassment of Catholic agents, Tyndale translated some books of the Old Testament and the whole of the New. Thus the first printed English New Testament appeared in Worms in 1525. Eleven years later, Tyndale paid with his life; he was burned at the stake after having been betrayed by one of his intimates into the hands of the Spaniards. But his work was done, and it altered enduringly the sensibility of the English mind and the cadence of the language.

**T**YNDALE'S BIBLE is the first of our scholarly texts: the old Testament is founded on the Hebrew, and the New Testament is a translation from the Greek, as edited by Erasmus in 1516 and 1522. But it is more. Even beyond Shakespeare, Tyndale molded the governing forms of English style. The modern English Bible is, to a great extent, a mere modification of his work. Sixty per cent of the text of the Authorized Version had reached its final shape in Tyndale. Of the 287 words in the Sermon on the Mount in the King James (or Authorized) Version, 242 are from Tyndale. And how lasting has been their splendor:

"No man can serve two masters. For either he shall hate the one and love the other: or else he shall lean to the one and despise the other: ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore, I say unto you, be not careful for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more worth than meat, and the body more of value than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither reap, nor yet carry into the barns: and yet your heavenly father feedeth them."

Tyndale's style is more spare and sinewy than was that of his contemporaries. Where the King James alters Tyndale, it usually adds: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are laden," writes Tyndale, "and I will ease you." The AV reads: "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The rhythm is more stately, but the sequence is less exact: "easing" follows more justly on "laden."

Tyndale set down the basic usages of English biblical translation. He varies the English where Hebrew or Greek uses a single, repeated formula. Luke, for example, always says something that Tyndale closely rendered as "it came to pass." But Tyndale also translated this narrative formula by "it happened," "it fortun'd," "it chanced," "it followed." In Matthew 18:33, the Greek uses a single word (the verb *ele-eo*). Tyndale uses two: "Thou shouldest have had *compassion* on thy fellow, even as I had *pity* on thee." Tyndale's liking for awkward inversion—"brought they," "went Jesus"—probably reflects the influence of Luther's German. But elsewhere he draws richly on words of Latin and French origin, a famous example being the use of *to minister*, where *to serve* would do as well. In fact, it may have been from Tyndale that Shakespeare derived his tac-



tic of sharp juxtapositions between Anglo-Saxon monosyllabic words and Latinate leviathans ("the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red").

It is with Tyndale that the English Bible attains the rather paradoxical glory of being more eloquent than much of the Hebrew and most of the Greek original. Where translation diminishes a text, it traduces; where it surmounts the original while yet being loyal to it, it transfigures.

In 1535-1536, Miles Coverdale issued an English Bible based mainly on Tyndale, with additional readings

from the Vulgate and the German. As Tyndale had not completed the Old Testament, Coverdale's is, strictly regarded, the first complete English Bible in print. Though it leans heavily on Tyndale's genius, Coverdale's version is less radical in its theology. Scholars agree, moreover, that Coverdale's ease and fluency of manner gave to the King James many of its ample rhythms. Coverdale acts as a bridge between the austere beat of Tyndale and the plenitude of the Authorized Version. In Hebrews 1:8 (an example which I owe, like much of this summary, to Sir Frederic Kenyon's *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts*), Tyndale renders: "But unto the sonne he sayth: God thy seate shall be for ever and ever. The cepter of thy kyngdom is a right cepter." Coverdale reads "*endureth* for ever and ever" and keeps the whole one sentence. At once, the shape seems to broaden and grow more ceremonious.

Between Coverdale and the King James occurred several short but notable steps: the Great Bible of 1539-1541 (essentially Coverdale using a better Vulgate text); the famous Geneva Bible, issued by English Calvinists in 1560 and 1576, extracts from which served Cromwell's soldiers as a pocket Bible; the Bishops' Bible, an official revision of the Great Bible, published in 1568; and the Douai Bible, which English Catholics issued in France in 1582 and 1609 (and on which President Kennedy recently took his oath of office). Of these, the Geneva and the Douai contributed most to the AV. In the passage from Hebrews, for instance, it is the Geneva Bible that replaces *seat* by *throne* and makes of the *right cepter* a *sceptre of righteousness*. From the exaggerated Latinity of the Douai Bible, the King James derived some of its sonorous technical and ecclesiastic terms. But the Bible of 1611 is essentially Tyndale and Coverdale revised. By 1535, the major work had been done.

**W**E MUST BEAR this in mind when approaching the AV. Its language is not really that of the Jacobean scholars and churchmen who compiled it. It is slightly archaic, as if the editors had wished to give to Scripture a certain lofty strange-



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# THE REPORTER Puzzle

## Acrostickler No.28

### DIRECTIONS

- 1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
- 2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
- 3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

by HENRY ALLEN

A 154 62 136 221 120 42 200 68 156 164 5 82  
"He \_\_\_\_\_, that never felt a wound."  
Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet." (5,2,5)

B 102 216 178 22 186 152 106 114  
Famous palace 31 miles NW of Madrid.

C 150 12 24 222 44 124 66 36 100 28 94 204  
Lincoln held this to be a contradiction in terms; his aim in the Civil War was to prevent it. (7,5)

D 174 90 54 72 88 208 138 46  
King of the Vandals, conqueror in northern Africa and Italy. (c390-477).

E 32 132 220 162  
"The devotion to something \_\_\_\_/From the sphere of our sorrow." Shelley, "To \_\_\_\_"  
One word is too often Profaned."

F 10 202 35 160 56 121 A kind of boat.

G 48 191 146 110  
Name of former U.S. Navy hospital ship now on mercy mission to the Orient.

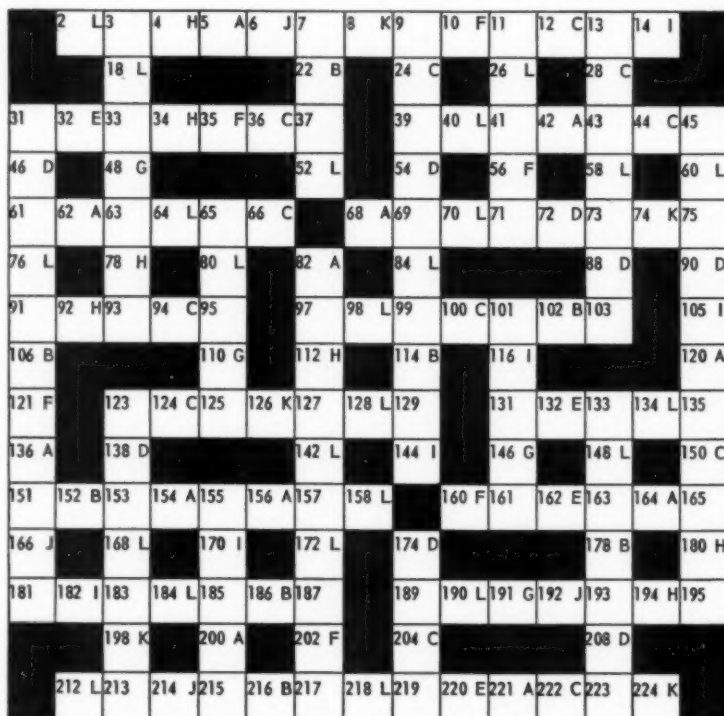
H 112 78 180 194 92 4 34  
A contrivance on a boat's gunwale used as a fulcrum for rowing.

I 116 105 170 14 182 144  
Apparatus for representing the motions and phases of the planets.

J 214 166 6 192 Contends for superiority.

K 126 198 8 74 224  $C_{20}H_{18}O_5Br_4$

L 98 70 64 212 40 142 80 148 76 134 60 184  
52 2 168 58 84 190 26 172 218 158  
128 18  
Motto of Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale."  
(5,7,3,9) (Latin).



### Across

2. A crevice rests in the direction of an organization not headed by the Acrostician, through many people think so. (6,7)
31. A sailor tucks away an old trombone.
39. Put former with after thought and...? And it grows, of course.
61. Paid attention? Yes, he did, I hear.
68. A leading lady's vessel or a space opera vehicle? (Not yet in dictionaries).
91. Tools consumed by Odysseus' men, according to Tennyson.
97. Scatter absorptions.
123. With 160 Across and 212 Across, the organization headed by the Acrostician. (With "of" before 212.) (7,6,13)
131. Together, so why fear what's heard? (Obs.)
151. A chic jet lies here. (3,5)
160. See 123 Across.
181. An old card game is the first.
189. One of twelve may find ale about the post.
212. See 123 Across.

### Down

3. Teaches to return property.
7. Carry in to tend the fire. (Colloq.)
9. A valley tune, why not now?
11. A big shot? Er, a snake.
13. Grips a measure in these girths.
31. Student on board wins award!
45. This setting aside was sure perused.
65. Comforted the editor about Peer's mother.
82. Departed in a rage. (7,3)
101. South American rodent you copy after.
123. Fit in a small company. It's not as strange as truth.
133. A current type, a role, etc.
155. A tree from a mountain ridge.
174. What's here after hail twice over, but a pasture in Scotland.

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ness. Yet at the same time, it was produced at that moment in which the English language lived in singular excellence and vitality. Where the editors of 1604-1611 chose to improve on their predecessors, they did so with the instrument of Spenser, Hooker, Sidney, Florio, Shakespeare, Jonson, and Donne.

The King James is the only great thing in this world ever done by a committee. Divided into six panels—two at Westminster and two each at Oxford and Cambridge—some fifty linguists and divines collaborated on the final text. There were notables among them: Lancelot Andrewes, Richard Thomson (renowned both as linguist and drunkard), Thomas Holland, and Richard Brett, reputed to know Arabic, Hebrew, and Aramaic. There are many reasons for the supremacy of the AV: progress in the interpretation of the Hebrew and Greek meanings; the plurality of judgment brought to bear on every word; the tradition of previous English texts. Yet there is much about the King James that still seems miraculous. Countless times, one marvels at the felicity of phrase and the evenness of tone—the more striking in view of the number of editors involved. It is truly as if tongues of fire had spoken.

No other work has played a comparable role in determining the habits of feeling and imagination of the English-speaking world. None has done as much to ingrain in the English sensibility uses of speech which we feel to be, in some central way, native to the language. Wherever English prose has a natural excellence, whether in Lincoln, Hemingway, or Churchill, there sounds inside it the regal simplicity, the alternance of Anglo-Saxon and Latin, the graphic imagery and narrative pace of the King James. If only the Bible of 1611 and a dictionary survived, the English language would stand in no mortal peril.

But we must remember two facts. Philologically, the text on which the AV is based is primitive. Only sixteen years after the publication of the King James, the Codex Alexandrinus reached England. Soon the limits of historical awareness moved back to the fourth century. The discovery of the Codex Vaticanus and



## she knows only hardship

*Nguyen Thi Lan, Vietnamese, age 8. Father dead, TB. Mother also TB. Cannot work. Three other children. Eldest also suffering TB. Younger children cannot afford school. Family in debt. Live in hut. Two beds only furniture. Child beautiful, undernourished. Needs help immediately.*

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## THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN MEDICINE

Paradoxically, although American medicine is now the best in the world, millions of Americans are bitterly dissatisfied with the medical care they are getting.

Edited by MARION K. SANDERS, this book is greatly expanded from the special supplement to the October, 1960 *Harper's Magazine* that unleashed a storm of controversy throughout the medical profession and the public. It probes sharply into current practices in medical care and education, health insurance, research, hospitals, the drug industry, psychiatry, euthanasia and medical politics. Its thoughtful suggestions for corrective action will "serve as a basis for informed debate, in which both laymen and doctors may take part much more freely." — from the Foreword by JOHN FISCHER.

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the Codex Sinaiticus made possible the establishment of a Bible text greatly superior to anything the Jacobean could have envisaged. Secondly, the poetic, deliberately archaic language of the AV meant that the work would, by force of time, grow increasingly remote from current speech. Thus the need for future revision was implicit in the very genius of the King James. The surprising fact is not that such revisions should have been made but that none has challenged the pre-eminence of the Authorized Version.

Two new translations appeared in England in 1729 and 1768. An American version by Rodolphus Dickinson was published in Boston in 1833. It is remembered, somewhat uncharitably, for its rendering of Luke 1:41: "And it happened, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the embryo was joyfully agitated." Noah Webster's Bible, issued the same year, was sounder and a number of its readings have been retained by modern scholars.

But the real history of modern biblical translation begins with the Revised New Testament of 1881, followed by the American Standard Version in 1901. In nearly six thousand readings, the Greek text underlying these revisions differs from that available to the Jacobean divines. Roughly a quarter of these differences imply a change of meaning. After the turn of the century, three further translations require mention: James Moffatt's (1913), Msgr. Ronald Knox's Bible (1945), and the Revised Standard Version of 1946. But the last had scarcely been issued when the discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls gave dramatic proof that new textual problems and opportunities will continue to face the biblical scholar.

THE LATEST RESPONSE to these problems now lies before us. It is the New Testament of the New English Bible (NEB). It is the work of an eminent body of English and Scottish ecclesiastics and scholars who have met in common labor since January, 1948. Undertaken in a Protestant but nonsectarian vein and published under the joint imprint of the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, the NEB sets out to provide "a faithful rendering of the best available Greek text into the

current speech of our own time, and a rendering which should harvest the gains of recent biblical scholarship." This is not "another revision of the Authorized Version but a genuinely new translation" using the idioms of contemporary English. In contrast to the revisers of 1881, the present translators, like their Jacobean forebears, make no effort to render the same Greek word everywhere in the same way. Their constant aim is fluency, clarity, and accuracy of interpretation. How far has it been achieved?

There is only one way of finding out: one must set certain passages of the NEB beside previous translations, particularly the AV, and compare. It is a pedestrian method, but there is no other. I shall look first



at three passages illustrative for their familiar power of poetic beauty, then at two in which there are difficulties of comprehension.

Here is the King James version of Matthew 26:38-41:

"Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

"And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.

"And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour?

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit in-





## PARLEZ-VOUS AND WESTPORT, TOO!

The question today is: Why did the man from Berlitz commute nightly to Westport, Conn., when he lived in Newark, N. J.? At first glance it would seem that he was taking the long way home, but once you know the facts, there's a very simple explanation. It involves his traveling companion, the gentleman in the black derby, Counsellor "X."

It seems that the Counsellor (legal ethics prevent using his real name) is an expert in a highly specialized law field. An important client insisted that he handle a difficult case in France. His own experience and the advice of his colleagues convinced him that speaking to a judge and jury through an interpreter would weaken his case. (The embarrassed barrister couldn't tell a tort from a demurrer in French.) But where and how was he going to find the

time to learn a new language? Berlitz suggested a solution and it went like this: Every night, for the 4½ months until the trial, a Berlitz instructor would ride home with him—and the lawyer would learn to speak French while they commuted on the 5:25.

The rest is history. 4½ months later our legal friend flew to France, perfectly able to communicate with judge, jury, witnesses and even the concierge in his Bordeaux hotel. He conducted the entire case in French, both inside and outside the courtroom, and won his client enough francs to pave the Champs Elysées.

The foregoing (believe it or not) is an actual language problem that Berlitz solved. We hope it emphasizes the fact that whatever your language needs are, Berlitz can help you. Private Berlitz instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. You can use lunchtime, pre-business hours, after business hours and even traveling-to-or-from-business time. You

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deed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Knox alters to conform more closely with the Vulgate and to stress the Catholic values. The *cup* becomes a *chalice*, and the grammar of Christ—"only as thy will is, not as mine is"—is severely Latin (*non sicut ego volo, sed sicut tu*).

Now here is the NEB:

"My heart is ready to break with grief. Stop here, and stay awake with me." He went on a little, fell on his face in prayer, and said, 'My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass me by. Yet not as I will, but as thou wilt.' He came to the disciples and found them asleep; and he said to Peter, 'What! Could none of you stay awake with me one hour? Stay awake, and pray that you may be spared the test. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.'"

In this instance, the King James carries the day. The soul sorrowful "even unto death" is much superior to the modern version both in weight and meaning. *Stop* and *pass me* by are flat colloquialisms. *Stay awake* is somewhat closer to the original text, but *watch* has the more intense connotation of vigilance in the hour of supreme danger. And surely *temptation* is a finer rendering than *test* (the Greek, *peirasmos*, allows either translation).

LET US CONSIDER next Luke 21:25-28; first in the Authorized Version: "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring;

"Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.

"And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.

"And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

Knox differs perceptibly: "men's hearts will be dried up with fear . . . the very powers of heaven will rock . . . lift up your heads; it means that the time draws near for your deliverance."

And now the NEB:

"Portents will appear in sun, moon, and stars. On earth nations will stand helpless, not knowing which way to turn from the roar and surge of the sea; men will faint with terror at the thought of all that is coming upon the world; for the celestial powers will be shaken. And then they will see the Son of Man coming on a cloud with great power and glory. When all this begins to happen, stand upright and hold your heads high, because your liberation is near."

Here the new version has distinct advantages. Like Knox, it makes Christ's prophecy assured rather than conditional (*will* instead of *shall*), and it has an appropriate swift pace, as if expectation were bringing the event to the very horizon. "Faint with terror," on the other hand, is mildly Victorian, and I think Knox's "the very powers of heaven will rock" (*virtutes caelorum movebuntur*) the most graphic of the three. But the neat problem lies in the last phrase. Three translations are proposed: *redemption*, *deliverance*, *liberation*. Which shall it be? The Greek (*apolutroo*) can signify any or each. The Vulgate chooses *redemptio*. Does Jesus mean deliverance from Roman power, spiritual redemption, or both? I am not scholar or theologian enough to judge; but *deliverance* seems to me best, as it allows more aptly than *liberation* for either a secular or transcendental emphasis.

REVELATION is a text notorious for its demands on imaginative translation. Here is how the Jacobean read Revelation 6:12-13:

". . . and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood;

"And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

Moffatt simplifies to a plain *sackcloth* and the stars drop like *unripe figs* when the tree is shaken by a *gale*. But he makes the red moon *full* (following the Vulgate). The NEB contracts yet further:

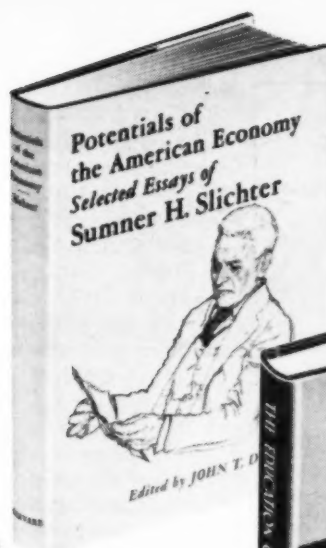
"And there was a violent earthquake; the sun turned black as a funeral pall and the moon all red as blood; the stars in the sky fell

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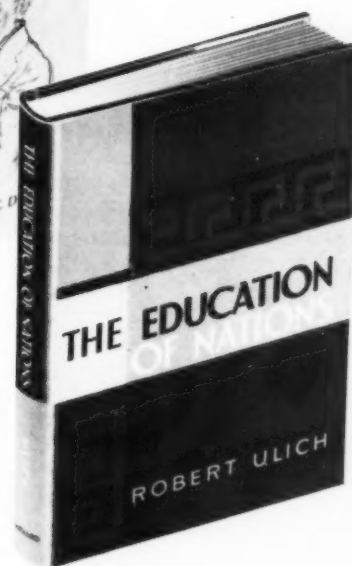
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to the earth, like figs shaken down by a gale."

I can see that this is a clearer version; but it loses the marvelously precise vision of the original. The Apocalypse was seen through the eyes of a man familiar with desert sandstorms, with sackcloth woven thickly of hair, and familiar also with the loss of unripened figs when the desert wind strikes. The essential quality of Revelation is its down-to-earth approach to the transcendent. In this passage, the NEB seems to miss the flavor.

Let me conclude by looking at two examples which offer some crux of meaning. In I Corinthians 7:39, Paul declares that a widow is "at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord" (AV). Just what does that mean? Knox is no help: "so long as she marries in the Lord." Moffatt proceeds boldly: "only, it must be a Christian." His support, presumably, is II Corinthians 6:14: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." The NEB reads: "provided the marriage is within the Lord's fellowship." This seems to me most ingenious: it communicates the spirit of the injunction without betraying the letter.

Finally, let us look at the close of Philippians 3 in the King James: "For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ;

"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

The archaic language (*conversation*) and the gnarled syntax make for heavy going. Knox simplifies to "our true home in heaven" and renders *configuratum corpori claritatis* as "the image of his glorified body." Now the NEB:

"We, by contrast, are citizens of heaven, and from heaven we expect our deliverer to come, the Lord Jesus Christ. He will transfigure the body belonging to our humble state, and give it a form like that of his own resplendent body, by the very power which enables him to make all things subject to himself."

This is, perhaps, a little too brisk, and one regrets the loss of *vile body*. But *transfigure* is beautifully to the point and the crux of *politeuma* is

resolved: it does imply *citizenship*. Neither Knox's *home* nor Moffatt's quaint *colony of heaven* is as close.

FOR A TENTATIVE JUDGMENT, I would say that the New Testament of the *New English Bible* is generally preferable to Moffatt, many of whose readings are idiosyncratic. It lacks much of the stylistic felicity of Knox, but is, of course, far more reliable, since it can go beyond the often dubious sanction of the Vulgate. So far as study of the Greek text and of its linguistic nuances is concerned, the NEB is now the most authoritative version available. Moreover, its fluency, colloquialism, and willingness to enlarge by paraphrase make for a most lucid narrative. This, as the Preface states, is truly a translation for those not previously familiar with the Bible.

At the same time, it is doubtful whether the NEB will win for itself anything of the place still held commandingly by the AV. Being founded wholly on current speech, the NEB is often flat. It uses too many words that have present meaning but will not, I think, acquire future resonance. Often their shallow modernity jars: "liberal-minded," "my friends" (for brethren), "loophole," "frustration" (in the current psychological sense), "environment" (with a psycho-sociological nuance), "pack our baggage," "affairs" (for deeds or acts). It happens that English, as now spoken in England, is in a rather flat and diminished state. There is much propriety but little savor. Yet the translators of the NEB have been unwilling to draw on the richness and zest of American English, where they would often have found modern but spirited equivalents of Jacobean usage. The result is that the style of the NEB suffers from an irritating mixture of coyness and colloquialism.

But taken as a whole, this new translation is a fine achievement. I can think of none better to keep next to one's King James to check the sense of the Greek or resolve obscurities created by the archaic speech and convoluted syntax of the Jacobean divines. The NEB is a lucid, erudite page boy, carrying the train of its majestic ancestor and, by an occasional discreet tug, showing the right road.

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# Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

ALTHOUGH television this season has been pretty much more of the same, one development, it seems to me, is worthy of note. Public affairs have become respectable to the advertisers, and it is possible now to see a good news program, a documentary, or a live report of a current event of importance at times that used to be barred to them: weekday nights. Between the prime viewing hours of nine and eleven, CBS has moved in with its "Reports," NBC with its "White Papers," and even ABC—the most delinquent of all in public service—with a new series sponsored by Bell & Howell called "Close-Ups." This last series is significant for several reasons. For one thing, it is "packaged" outside the network by Time Inc.—the basis, it would seem, for the resignation of ABC's former news director, John Daly; for another, it is produced by a young man named Robert Drew who believes that a story can be told by pictures rather than words; and finally, it is excellent television. The first of the series, "Cuba Sí, Yanqui No" was one of the most acute and dramatic documentaries I have seen: powerful without any sacrifice of objectivity. And although the second of the series, "X-Pilot," suffered at times from a confused sound track, Drew managed to sustain an almost exhausting tension in his study of a supersonic test pilot ripping the skies apart.

The belated attempts of ABC to change from sensationmonger—it has attained dizzy financial heights by giving unrelenting dosages of crime and brutality thinly disguised as "adventure"—to Boy Scout have included the moving Sunday-night series on Winston Churchill and the hiring of James C. Hagerty as chief of News and Public Affairs. The statements he has made so far indicate not only high intentions but swift action to bring ABC in direct competition with the established news giants of NBC and CBS. This is a tough assignment, and the true test will be not only to achieve the required excellence in his news op-



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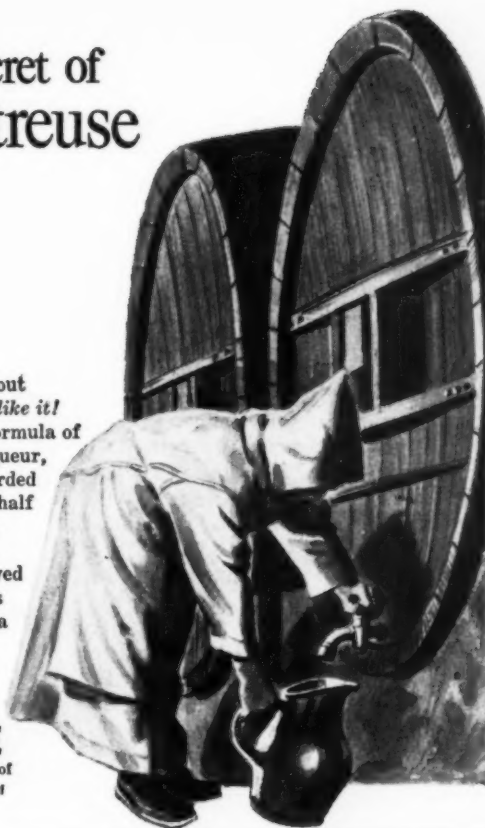


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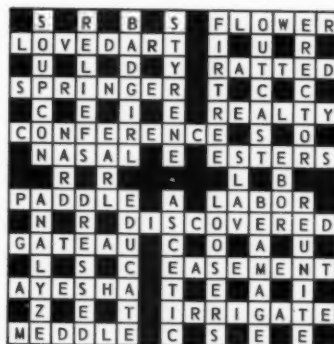
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I found some remarks made by Mr. Hagerty in a recent speech to the aluminum industry particularly hopeful:

"Frankly, I want to get away as much as possible from the studio bound voices and develop a staff of reporters who will cover the news as it happens and then relay it to you. Let me take Washington, D.C., as an example.

"You may not believe this—but it is true. There are some radio and television voices in our capital city who, to my personal knowledge because I had to accredit the newsmen, never attended a Presidential news conference in the eight years I was at the White House—to say nothing of the twice daily conferences I was holding to report on important decisions of the President. There are also individuals who have never been to Capitol Hill to cover the Congress—or to the State Department—or any other departments and agencies of the government. Yet every day, these voices report on the news from Washington and give the impression that they have personal knowledge of these events . . . it's not entirely their fault—rather it's the fault of the system of news coverage that radio and television have built up. For, as I am beginning to understand it, these 'commentators' have to prepare their shows for air time and can't get out around the town. So they all too often take the AP and UP wires—maybe have them rewritten—but there is little initiative in digging up stories—in working to develop others. I think this situation can—and must—be changed."

**M**R. HAGERTY is not alone in putting caliber of reporting above contour of face, but he may discover that for better or worse the personality of the reporter assumes a far greater importance on television than it does on the printed page and that you rarely get the good legman and the aspect of authority in the same person.

This, in effect, is one of the factors in the titanic struggle for news supremacy between NBC and CBS. For years, CBS was the champion, and

only in the last five years—specifically, since the 1956 conventions—has the news program of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley challenged its title, not only by piling up higher ratings than its CBS equivalent but drawing more favorable critical comment. Now, man for man and operation for operation, there is practically nothing to choose between the news coverage of both networks. It would be hard to find anywhere a more brilliant team of reporters than Columbia's Howard K. Smith, David Schoenbrun, Eric Sevareid, Daniel Schorr, and Marvin Kalb, not to mention their several television collaborators and the first-rate group of radio journalists who supplement them.

But suddenly the talk is all Huntley and Brinkley and the switch is turned from Channel 2 to Channel 4 more often than not. Why? The NBC news operation is indeed first-class, but aside from that, these two commentators have a way of presenting the news that seems to fill a real public need. Without any sacrifice of gravity or intensity where either is needed, their approach to matters of moment has an ironic detachment which is both relaxing and humorous. Again, the CBS men are eminently capable of wit and irony, and often exercise it. But they have not, singly or together, made it a consistent element of their news approach, nor do they project—for they are as they are—that special and unpredictable combination of face, voice, and attitude which happens, at a particular time, to capture public imagination.

**B**ECAUSE OF THIS, the news department of CBS has undergone a painful convulsion. Charges have flown, heads have rolled, and the corridors ring with Why? Why?

The anguish, I think, is excessive. CBS news is still in many respects unchallengeable for coverage, integrity, reliability, and immediacy. If there is an apparent weakness, it lies, I think, rather in format than in personnel. Perhaps all the excellent CBS reporters need is a chance to be themselves and get the most out of their subjects. Let up hope, for our sakes as well as theirs, that they get that chance.

## RECORD NOTES

**GOOD FRIDAY BLUES.** The Modest Jazz Trio. (Pacific Jazz PJ-10, \$4.98.)

None of the three soft swingers here are startling jazz virtuosi. Further, they are neither earnest avant-gardists nor "soul brothers" (communicants of the currently fashionable sect that combines aggressive modern jazz with echoes of Negro gospel music). They simply enjoy relaxed, melodic, collective improvisation. Pianist Red Mitchell is better known as a bassist, and the album would have been even more substantial if he had taken over from Red Kelley. The most impressive of the modest three, however, is Jimi Hall, a guitarist who plays with warmth, wit, and flowing imagination.

Hall is one of the "underground" in contemporary jazz, belonging to no particular school and having no dense theory of jazz in relation to the cosmos. Altoist Paul Desmond, another member of the "underground," recently told a London interviewer: "I'm after clarity, a certain amount of humor and not too obvious communication of emotion. A sound of emotionalism is easy to produce. It's too easy. The problem is how to do it honestly." The Modest Jazz Trio—particularly Mr. Hall—has succeeded in being clear, honest, and refreshingly unself-conscious.

**JAZZ OF THE FORTIES, VOLUME ONE.** (Folkways FJ2841, \$5.95.)

In 1946, when these celebrations of Dixieland and traditional blues were recorded at a Town Hall concert in New York, the hungry prophets of the movement known as modern jazz, led by Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, were just beginning to find an audience. Fifteen years later, there is hardly any public left in this country for the older jazz; the competition in record sales and nightclub bookings is between various forms of "modernism." Meanwhile, Dixieland has lost a great deal of vitality as well as popularity. As Sidney Bechet observed in his autobiography, *Treat It Gentle* (Hill and Wang), jazz has "a kind of need to be moving. You just can't set it down and hold it. Those Dixieland musicians, they tried to do that . . . Even when they didn't arrange



it to death, they didn't have any place to send it; that's why they lost it. You just can't keep the music unless you move with it."

Yet in the mid-1940's, there were still some surprises and joyful spontaneity in Dixieland and other forms of jazz that had been shaped in the first two decades of the century. At this concert, for example, trombonist Miff Mole, whose nights of glory were in the 1920's, played several mellow but vigorous reminders that neither he nor his horn was ready for the winding sheet. There were also the tough, sinewy cornet of Muggsy Spanier and the twisted, sometimes agonizedly lyrical clarinet of Pee Wee Russell, a musician who has kept "moving" and is today the most original clarinetist in jazz, although he gets less and less work.

Together with the Dixielanders that day at Town Hall were Sidney Bechet and Baby Dodds. Dodds, New Orleans-trained like Bechet, had been the first major jazz drummer. His solos here crackle with excitement, humor, and snapping polyrhythms. There are proud passages as well by pianist James P. Johnson, the mentor of Fats Waller and one of the last of the gracefully melodic Harlem "ticklers." Bechet, Johnson, and Dodds are dead, and most of the others are in decline. The album, for all its middle to low fidelity of sound and occasional raggedness of execution, is valuable both for the high temperature of the music and as a documentation of one of the last stubborn stands of these pre-modernists.

**BUDD JOHNSON AND THE FOUR BRASS GIANTS.** (*Riverside monaural*, RLP 343, \$4.98; *stereophonic*, RLP 9343, \$5.98.)

Until recently, the catalytic influence of tenor saxophonist and arranger Budd Johnson on the history of modern jazz has gone largely unnoticed. A professional jazzman since the early 1920's, Johnson brought several of the leading young modernists into the big bands of Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine in the 1940's, organized the first modern-jazz record session early in 1944, and was otherwise a considerable help to the movement. Johnson's own playing is based on swing-era practices, although he has absorbed some of the harmonic language of the later jazz.

In this program, Johnson has finally been recorded in a context that particularly suits his robustly swinging, big-toned style. He is backed by a rhythm section and four sturdy trumpeters. In ensemble behind Johnson, they form a punching, exclamatory brass section with a power and vividness almost nonexistent in present-day big bands. Each trumpeter, moreover, has ample solo space: it is absorbing to contrast the darting pungency of Clark Terry, the laconic, stabbing approach of Harry Edison, the racy ease of Ray Nance of the Duke Ellington band, and the restless intensity of Nat Adderley. Adderley is the only one of the four under forty, and his performance is the least distinctive.

Johnson's arrangements are uncomplicated, loosely functional frameworks for the solos, and the album as a whole is a satisfying evocation of basic "mainstream" jazz with some modern overtones. Like the Modest Jazz Trio and the Town Hall survivors, the musicians here provide a full-bodied illustration of the spontaneous pleasures in conversational improvising that have been at the base of nearly all durable jazz so far.

**BLUES AND BALLADS.** Lonnie Johnson. (*Prestige/Bluesville 1011*, \$4.98.)

New Orleans-born Lonnie Johnson was one of the most popular blues singers on records in the 1920's and early 1930's. In recent years, he had been working as a janitor in Philadelphia until his "rediscovery" by Chris Albertson, then a disc jockey in that city. Johnson has a uniquely lyrical, intimate singing style. His phrasing is uncommonly relaxed and he has a dramatic but subtle sense of dynamics. In this collection, he ranges from an exceptionally tender "Memories of You" to a powerfully understated "Backwater Blues." A couple of the songs are sentimental, but the general tone of the album is that of a long-wandering blues storyteller whose sweet surface guilelessness does not entirely conceal a hard core of abrasive experience in the "dues" all postgraduate blues entertainers must pay. Johnson plays his guitar with a glowing tone and with the same undulating plasticity of his singing. —NAT HENTOFF

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## BOOKS

# The Survival Of Richard Wright

JAMES BALDWIN

**EIGHT MEN**, by Richard Wright. *World.*  
\$3.95.

Unless a writer is extremely old  
when he dies, in which case he has  
probably become a neglected insti-  
tution, his death must always seem  
untimely. This is because a real writ-  
er is always shifting and changing  
and searching. The world has many  
labels for him, of which the most  
treacherous is the label of Success.  
But the man behind the label knows  
defeat far more intimately than he  
knows triumph. He can never be ab-  
solutely certain that he has achieved  
his intention.

This tension and authority—the  
authority of the frequently defeated  
—are in the writer's work, and cause  
one to feel that, at the moment of  
his death, he was approaching his  
greatest achievements. I should think  
that guilt plays some part in this re-  
action, as well as a certain unadmit-  
ted relief. Guilt, because of our fail-  
ure in a relationship, because it is  
extremely difficult to deal with writ-  
ers as people. Writers are said to be  
extremely egotistical and demand-  
ing, and they are indeed, but that  
does not distinguish them from any-  
one else. What distinguishes them is  
what James once described as a kind  
of "holy stupidity." The writer's  
greed is appalling. He wants, or  
seems to want, everything and prac-  
tically everybody; in another sense,  
and at the same time, he needs no  
one at all; and families, friends, and  
lovers find this extremely hard to  
take. While he is alive, his work is  
fatally entangled with his personal  
fortunes and misfortunes, his per-  
sonality, and the social facts and  
attitudes of his time. The unadmit-  
ted relief, then, of which I spoke has  
to do with a certain drop in the in-  
tensity of our bewilderment, for  
the baffling creator no longer stands  
between us and his works.

He does not, but many other

things do, above all our own pre-  
occupations. In the case of Richard  
Wright, dead in Paris at fifty-two,  
the fact that he worked during a  
bewildering and demoralizing era in  
western history makes a proper as-  
sessment of his work more difficult.  
In *Eight Men*, the earliest story,  
"The Man Who Saw the Flood,"  
takes place in the Deep South and  
was first published in 1937. One of  
the four previously unpublished  
stories in the book, "Man, God Ain't  
Like That . . .," begins in Africa,  
achieves its hideous resolution in  
Paris, and brings us, with an ironical  
and fitting grimness, to the threshold  
of the 1960's. It is because of this  
story, which is remarkable, and  
"Man of All Work," which is a  
masterpiece, that I cannot avoid feel-  
ing that Wright was acquiring a new  
tone, and a less uncertain aesthetic  
distance, and a new depth.

**S**HORTLY AFTER we learned of  
Wright's death, a Negro woman  
who was rereading *Native Son* told  
me that it meant more to her now  
than it had when she had first read  
it. This, she said, was because the  
specific social climate which had pro-  
duced it, or with which it was identi-  
fied, seemed archaic now, was fading  
from our memories. Now, there was  
only the book itself to deal with,  
for it could no longer be read, as it  
had been read in 1940, as a militant  
racial manifesto. Today's racial  
manifestoes were being written very  
differently, and in many different  
languages; what mattered about the  
book now was how accurately or  
deeply the life of Chicago's South  
Side had been conveyed.

I think that my friend may prove  
to be right. Certainly, the two oldest  
stories in this book, "The Man Who  
Was Almost a Man" and "The Man  
Who Saw the Flood," both Depres-  
sion stories, both occurring in the

South, and both, of course, about Negroes, do not seem dated. Perhaps it is odd, but they did not make me think of the 1930's, or even particularly of Negroes. They made me think of human loss and helplessness. There is a dry, savage, folkloric humor in "The Man Who Was Almost a Man." It tells the story of a boy who wants a gun, finally manages to get one, and, by a hideous error, shoots a white man's mule. He then takes to the rails, for he would have needed two years to pay for the mule. There is nothing funny about "The Man Who Saw the Flood," which is as spare and moving an account as that delivered by Bessie Smith in "Backwater Blues."

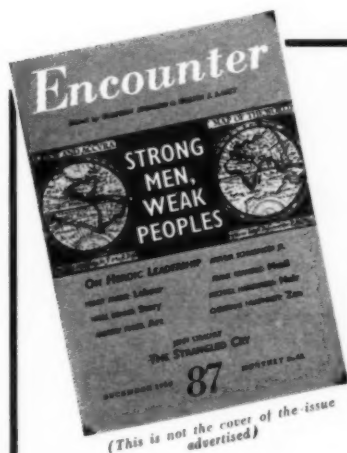
IT IS STRANGE to begin to suspect, now, that Richard Wright was never, really, the social and polemical writer he took himself to be. In my own relations with him, I was always exasperated by his notions of society, politics, and history, for they seemed to me utterly fanciful. I never believed that he had any real sense of how a society is put together. It had not occurred to me, and perhaps it had not occurred to

him, that his major interests as well as his power lay elsewhere. Or perhaps it *had* occurred to me, for I distrusted his association with the French intellectuals, Sartre, de Beauvoir, and company. I am not being vindictive toward them or condescending toward Richard Wright when I say that it seemed to me that there was very little they could give him which he could use. It has always seemed to me that ideas were somewhat more real to them than people; but anyway, and this is a statement made with the very greatest love and respect, I always sensed in Richard Wright a Mississippi pickaninny, mischievous, cunning, and tough. This always seemed to be at the bottom of everything he said and did, like some fantastic jewel buried in high grass. And it was painful so feel that the people of his adopted country were no more capable of seeing this jewel than were the people of his native land, and were in their own way as intimidated by it.

Even more painful was the suspicion that Wright did not want to know this. The meaning of Europe for an American Negro was one of

the things about which Richard Wright and I disagreed most vehemently. He was fond of referring to Paris as the "city of refuge"—which it certainly was, God knows, for the likes of us. But it was not a city of refuge for the French, still less for anyone belonging to France; and it would not have been a city of refuge for us if we had not been armed with American passports. It did not seem worthwhile to me to have fled the native fantasy only to embrace a foreign one. (Someone, some day, should do a study in depth of the role of the American Negro in the mind and life of Europe, and of the extraordinary perils, different from those of America but not less grave, which the American Negro encounters in the Old World.)

BUT NOW that the storm of Wright's life is over, and politics is ended forever for him, along with the Negro problem and the fearful conundrum of Africa, it seems to have been the tough and intuitive, the genuine Richard Wright, who was being recorded all along. It now begins to seem, for example, that Wright's unrelentingly bleak land-



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From the current issue  
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scape was not merely that of the Deep South, or of Chicago, but that of the world, of the human heart. The landscape does not change in any of these stories. Even the most good-natured performance this book contains, good-natured by comparison only, "Big Black Good Man," takes place in Copenhagen in the winter, and in the vastly more chilling confines of a Danish hotelkeeper's fears.

In "Man of All Work," a tight, raging, diamond-hard exercise in irony, a Negro male who cannot find a job dresses himself up in his wife's clothes and hires himself out as a cook. ("Who," he demands of his horrified, bed-ridden wife, "looks that close at us colored people anyhow?") He gets the job, and Wright uses this incredible situation to reveal, with beautiful spite and accuracy, the private lives of the master race. The story is told entirely in dialogue, which perfectly accomplishes what it sets out to do, racing along like a locomotive and suggesting far more than it states.

The story, without seeming to, goes very deeply into the demoralization of the Negro male and the resulting fragmentation of the Negro family which occurs when the female is forced to play the male role of breadwinner. It is also a maliciously funny indictment of the sexual terror and hostility of American whites: and the horror of the story is increased by its humor.

"Man, God Ain't Like That..." is a fable of an African's discovery of God. It is a far more horrible story than "Man of All Work," but it too manages its effects by a kind of Grand Guignol humor, and it too is an unsparing indictment of the frivolity, egotism, and wrongheadedness of white people—in this case, an American artist and his mistress. It too is told entirely in dialogue and recounts how the American artist traveling through Africa picks up an African servant, uses him as a model, and, to shock and titillate his jaded European friends, takes the African back to Paris with him.

Whether or not Wright's vision of the African sensibility will be recognized by Africans I do not know. But certainly he has managed a frightening and truthful comment on the inexorably mysterious and

dangerous relationships between ways of life, which are also ways of thought. This story and "Man of All Work" left me wondering how much richer our extremely poor theater might now be if Wright had chosen to work in it.

But "The Man Who Killed a Shadow" is something else again; it is Wright at the mercy of his subject. His great forte, it now seems to me, was an ability to convey inward states by means of externals: "The Man Who Lived Underground," for example, conveys the spiritual horror of a man and a city by a relentless accumulation of details, and by a series of brief, sharply cut-off tableaux, seen through, chinks and cracks and keyholes. The specifically sexual horror faced by a Negro cannot be dealt with in this way. "The Man Who Killed a Shadow" is a story of violence and murder, and neither the murderer nor his victim ever comes alive. The entire story seems to be occurring, somehow, beneath cotton. There are many reasons for this. In most of the novels written by Negroes until today (with the exception of Chester Himes's *If He Hollers Let Him Go*), there is a great space where sex ought to be; and what usually fills this space is violence.

THIS VIOLENCE, as in so much of Wright's work, is gratuitous and compulsive. It is one of the severest criticisms that can be leveled against his work. The violence is gratuitous and compulsive because the root of the violence is never examined. The root is rage. It is the rage, almost literally the howl, of a man who is being castrated. I do not think that I am the first person to notice this, but there is probably no greater (or more misleading) body of sexual myths in the world today than those which have proliferated around the figure of the American Negro. This means that he is penalized for the guilty imagination of the white people who invest him with their hates and longings, and is the principal target of their sexual paranoia. Thus, when in Wright's pages a Negro male is found hacking a white woman to death, the very gusto with which this is done, and the great attention paid to the details of physical destruction, reveal a terrible at-

tempt to break out of the cage in which the American imagination has imprisoned him for so long.

In the meantime, the man I fought so hard and who meant so much to me is gone. First America, then Europe, then Africa failed him. He lived long enough to find all of the terms on which he had been born become obsolete; presently, all of his attitudes seemed to be historical. But as his life ended, he seems to me to have been approaching a new beginning. He had survived, as it were, his own obsolescence, and his imagination was beginning to grapple with that darkest of all dark strangers for him, the African. The depth thus touched in him brought him a new power and a new tone. He had survived exile on three continents and lived long enough to begin to tell the tale.

## Smart Chap Grows Up

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

SCENES FROM LIFE, by William Cooper. Scribner. \$4.50.

In 1950, in the thick of the welfare state, a small bright explosion took place on the English literary scene. As with most small explosions, however bright, a lot of people failed to notice it; but critics did, and some young men planning to write books noticed it too. The book was William Cooper's *Scenes from Provincial Life*, and it was something quite new. Joe Lunn's account of his life in the provinces as schoolmaster, as lover, as literary aspirant, as a man of hope, was wry, bawdy, dreamy, and acute. But what really set it apart from most of the other novels being produced at that time was its essential joyfulness. Joe ("smart chap with a bow tie," as he describes himself in the sequel, *Scenes from Married Life*) was usually out of luck; but it was springtime. He might suffer misfortune on his own account and on Myrtle's (he suffered because she suffered because he could not bring himself to marry



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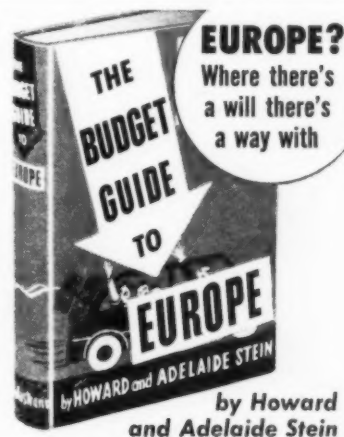
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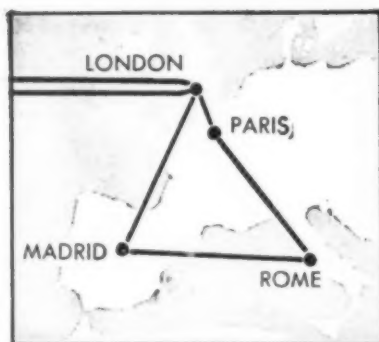
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her), but his spirits rose with the sap. Nothing, in fact, could keep a good man down.

This book was the forerunner of Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim*, and of all its many derivatives. A neater literary ancestry could scarcely be found, and Mr. Amis has made his own acknowledgments. But both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Amis are links in a literary chain that goes much further back, and it is a curious one. In the 1920's, the Anglo-Russian writer William Gerhardt was attracting wide attention. Gerhardt's work stemmed from Chekhov's, but his style was his own. It was an ironic, almost painfully self-revealing style, a style marked by extreme subtlety of phrase, close-knit texture, and a kind of affection of vanity and self-love. The kind of stories Gerhardt told were Chekhov's kind, stories of spiritual illusion and the dying fall of life, love, and hope. For a while, Gerhardt became one of the most chic literary figures in London: a pity, because nothing goes more quickly out of fashion than the chic, and when Gerhardt started to write less, and became less of a public figure, a considerable talent fell into disregard. His *Futility* and *The Polyglots* are works of rare quality.

COOPER read Gerhardt with passion; through the influence of Gerhardt he felt the influence of Chekhov; but in his hands the Chekhovian dying fall took an upward turn, took an earthy turn, took a turn toward the clownishly unconquerable. By the time the influence reached Mr. Amis and his followers, the Chekhovian touch was almost indistinguishable; but it was still there, hidden under a new layer of psychology—this time, the approach of a wilder comedy bordering upon farce. The delicacy had gone, but under the whoopings and howlings the moping comedy remained.

*Scenes from Life* contains both Mr. Cooper's books in one volume. In *Scenes from Married Life* Joe disentangles himself from all the gay girls and decides to get married. He is a civil servant now, a man of responsibilities, but with his job always in jeopardy. Elspeth, he knows from the word "go"—or from the moment they both fall down on a dance floor—is the one for him. What follows is

one of the most touching and exact descriptions of the trials of a young marriage I know. Joe isn't a hero figure; he is a little absurd even to himself; yet his spirit is heroic. He may have left his springtime behind, but he feels, despite all things, that it is still high summer. Catastrophes slosh about him like custard pies. His new book is withdrawn because the publishers are afraid of prosecution. In the funniest scene in the book, he argues with a hearty solicitor about the pros and cons of obscenity; the solicitor makes the point that "F" followed by five asterisks, or "B" followed by two, would tend to improve matters—a suggestion Joe follows later in his own text. He does lose his job, and Elspeth is expecting a baby. Somehow the indigent but still hopeful pair come through; and Joe is able to write in large letters: MARRIED LIFE IS WONDERFUL.

ONE OR TWO English critics, while touching their caps to *Scenes from Provincial Life*, have attempted to cry down its successor on the grounds that Joe has lost something of his old spirit. It isn't the same Joe, they say.

Well, of course it isn't. If it had been the same Joe, it would have been a bad and insensitive book. Joe has grown older; Joe has responsibilities; the weather has changed. In fact, one of the most remarkable things about *Scenes from Life* is the difference in feeling between the two parts, while the inner spirit remains exactly the same. The transition is subtle, and in retrospect very moving. *Scenes from Life* can be read on two levels: as a pure comedy and as a work of considerable psychological insight. It is, of course, a "serious" novel. It doesn't miss being so because the surface is comic. It propounds no moralities, yet it is highly, almost hilariously, moral. It doesn't deny life, it accepts it, makes the best of it, adjusts to it.

The great change-over in the literary chain that began with Chekhov is, in fact, the refusal of Amis and his followers to make an adjustment. Mr. Cooper doesn't hold with the current view that coming to terms with the society one lives in is pusillanimous. He thinks it takes some spirit.